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GROVE WOULDN'T SIGN REPORT OF AUDITORS

County Commissioner Not Satisfied With Some Features.

MILEAGE ITEM IS ONE

Opposed to Paying Auditors' Traveling Expenses to and From Their Homes Every Week—More Days for Audit This Year Than Last.

The fact that County Commissioner Daniel A. Grove informed a number of persons that he had refused to sign the report of County Auditors S. H. Hoy, Jeremiah Brungard and W. H. Goss precipitated all manner of rumors and speculation this week, Mr. Grove's comment being made just when the Auditors statement is being circulated. His course in refusing to sign the statement finally led to orders being given the "Democratic Watchman" office to print the Auditors' statement also without the signatures of Commissioners William H. Noll, Jr., and Jacob Woodring, both of whom had previously signed it.

The original typewritten report signed by Auditors Hoy, Brungard and Goss was turned over to Prothonotary D. R. Foreman by H. N. Meyer, chief clerk to the County Commissioners. When Mr. Meyer gave the report to Prothonotary Foreman it contained the signatures of Commissioners Noll and Woodring. Prothonotary Foreman filed the report and it thereupon became a part of the court records. Subsequently Mr. Meyer obtained the report from Prothonotary Foreman, returning it in a short time. Prothonotary Foreman having occasion to examine the report was amazed to discover that somebody had cut out the lower part of one page containing the certificate of approval signed by Commissioners Noll and Woodring. Prothonotary Foreman refrained from making any comment regarding the matter beyond the brief statement that nobody had a right to mutilate a document once the same had been filed and made a part of the court records.

Commissioner Grove informed several persons that he had refused to sign the report of the Auditors because it contained some things which were not clear to him. We are informed that he refused to approve a charge made by some if not all the Auditors for mileage to and from their homes each week.

Commissioner Noll, when asked regarding the removal of his name and that of Commissioner Woodring from the Auditors' report, said:

"Commissioner Grove did refuse to sign the report of the Auditors for reasons satisfactory to himself, I suppose. We consulted our solicitor and were advised that the signing of the report by the Commissioners was more or less a matter of form. Rather than have the report appear with the signatures of but two of the three Commissioners, and thereby make it appear strange to persons who might not be familiar with the circumstances we concluded to let our names off. There was no other reason for our not signing. There is nothing in the statement so far as I am aware that should not be there. My conscience is clear as to my acts since I came into this office and I am not afraid to have every act of mine looked into. I am satisfied that we have kept within the law on everything."

Last year the audit of the county books required 43 days. That audit included the large mass of bills and documents arising from the repairing of the Court House. This year, without any such unusual work on hand, the audit was stretched into 45 days or more. Auditors are paid by the day. The more days they crowd into the audit the more money they get out of the County. Although the law makes no provision for a clerk the present Board of County Auditors employed a clerk last year and this year, the County paying the bill each year.

The Auditors' report this year shows no surcharges made against the several county officials, whereas last year the same Auditors surcharged right and left. The present Court House officials are Democrats, the Board of Auditors happens to be Democratic and the county officials who were surcharged by the same Auditors last year happened to be Republicans.

Last year the Auditors' surcharged the Board of Commissioners for actual expenses to and from the State Convention of County Commissioners. This year the new County Commissioners remained at home, so there was no surcharge. They frankly expressed the belief, however, that practical information obtained at such conventions would justify the county being charged with the actual expense of their attending, such as railroad fare and hotel bills

BURNS AND PINKERTON MEN COME PRETTY HIGH

Detectives Charged County $6 Per Day and Expenses.

AND GOT NO RESULTS

One Man Worked in Stone Quarry While Trying to Unravel Dale Murder—Other Agency Detective Looked up Burning of Barns.

The names of Burns and Pinkerton are familiar the world over and at once suggest themselves when one reads or hears mention made about the wonderful feats of detectives. Pinkerton has been before the public eye for many years and the things the Pinkerton agency has done would fill volumes. Of later days Burns has been perhaps the more conspicuous. He is the man who established for himself a world-wide reputation as a famous detective by using the dictagraph in fastening guilt upon criminals of all kinds. In the last few years Burns and his dictagraph have played havoc with grafters in public office. The dictagraph is a tiny instrument which may be concealed behind a picture on the wall, underneath a table or carpet, or, in fact, in almost any place in a room where suspected parties may assemble. Leading from the dictagraph are little wires which if followed up will be found to terminate in telephone ear receivers fastened on the head of one of Burns' detectives. Unconscious of the fact that all they were saying was being heard in this manner by detectives concealed in an adjoining room, many criminals have been convicted who otherwise probably would have escaped.

It costs money, however, to get the famous Pinkerton or the noted Burns to investigate a case. Nor do even these great detectives always succeed in running down the persons they are after. Not that the detectives do not do their best, simply that the odds are against them in the particular case on hand. Some idea of what it costs to hire detectives is revealed in the County Auditors' statement being distributed this week. One item in the statement shows a payment to the Pinkerton Detective Agency for $162.92. Another is an item for $81.44, paid to the agency of which William J. Burns is the head. The Pinkerton agency had a detective in Centre County a number of months ago trying to run down the Joshua Dale murder. He was on the job 23 days, at $6 per day for salary, and during this period his expenses amounted to $32.05. The name of the detective appears on the affidavit attached to the bill, but in the bill proper his name never appears. He is known by a number, this being the custom of all detectives in making their reports to their respective chiefs. In this case the detective's name would suggest that he was a foreigner. That he worked in the quarries as a laborer while trying to run down the murder is made known by the fact that his wages, amounting to $7.12, were refunded.

Some months ago, it will be recalled by readers of "The Republican," there were several mysterious fires near Howard and also near Jacksonville. The circumstances surrounding the fires were such that District Attorney Fortney had the Burns Detective Agency send a man to Centre County to try and run down the fire bug. He was at work six days, at $6 per day, and his expenses amounted to $45.44. Either there was no guilty party or the fire bug's tracks were so well covered up as to baffle detection, for the investigation resulted in no arrests.

The two cases are interesting as showing that calling in a detective is not to be considered by any fellow with a lean pocketbook, especially if the case happens to be one requiring any extended investigation.

Married at Scotia.

A pretty wedding was solemnized on Thursday, February 27th. at the home of the bride's parents at Scotia, the contracting parties being Miss Stella W. Williams and Harry E. Kellerman. The pretty ceremony was performed by the bride's pastor, Rev. M. J. Runyan, of Stormstown. The happy young couple have a host of admiring friends who heartily wish for them the greatest prosperity and success in their married life.

Mr. Dettee Again Here.

William Dettee, of New York, representing the owners of the Bellefonte Furnace and the iron ore mines at Scotia, spent Thursday and Friday of last week in town, continuing his inspection of conditions here preliminary to resuming operations at the two plants.

Recognized By Sister After 38 Years.

Although she had not seen him for 38 years Mrs. Alice Showers, of Bellefonte, instantly recognized her brother, W. F. Tibbens, of Rockingham County, Virginia, when he several days ago went to her home, unannounced, and rang the doorbell. The incident was one far out of the ordinary. After he had greeted his sister Mr. Tibbens remarked that he would have recognized her had he met her on the street. Thirty-eight years works wonders in the appearance of most persons. When Mr. Tibbens went South more than a third of a century ago hi hair was dark. Now it is white, testifying to his 73 years. As might be expected, his features underwent many changes in that period. Despite all this, when he presented himself at the Showers home his sister needed but a glimpse of him to instantly enable her to know that he was her brother. It was a little reunion such as is experienced and therefore understood in its true sense by but few persons.

Thirty-eight years ago Mr. Tibbens disposed of his farm at Pleasant Gap and moved to Virginia. His land here eventually passed into the hands of former County Commissioner Zimmerman who recently sold it to the State as a part of the site for the new penitentiary. When Mr. Tibbens went to Virginia land there was selling for a song, agriculture was nothing compared with what it is today, and he encountered all kinds of experiences unknown to farmers of this section. Incidentally, when Mr. Tibbens left Centre County he was a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat. Now he is a stiff Republican. His residence in the South brought this about. For eight years he was chairman of the Republican Committee in Rockingham County. Mr. Tibbens is a Civil war veteran. A number of other old soldiers in Rockingham County, he said, also abandoned the Democratic party and became Republicans. Confederate veterans who seemed to be unable to learn that the Civil war was ended at Gettysburg did much toward helping Mr. Tibbens and other Union soldiers to ally themselves with the Republican party.

"The Virginia of today is much different from Virginia of thirty-eight years ago when I moved there from Centre County," remarked Mr. Tibbens while chatting in "The Republican" office. "Thirty-eight years ago the land there was poor, but now-a-days it is rich and last year the crops in Virginia were fine, especially the wheat. There was an eleven-acre tract there that produced very close to, if not fully 50 bushels to the acre. Last year hay sold down there at $30 the ton, and straw sold for $10.

"Virginia has gone a little bit wild on growing fruit. Last year it was overdone. There was more fruit, especially apples, than could be marketed. Fine apples sold there last year for 10 cents the bushel, and were hard to get rid of even at that. Every piece of available land has been turned into orchards, and the natural result is that the thing has been overdone."

"How do you like Virginia as a place in which to live?" was asked Mr. Tibbens, and as his eyes twinkled he replied:

"There are some of the finest people in the world down in Virginia. But there are too many rebels for me, rebels who never will learn that the war is over. When I left Centre County I was as stiff a Democrat as you ever saw, but not any more. Now I'm a Republican. The rebels taught me to be a Republican, just as they taught a lot more Union soldiers."

Mr. Tibbens chuckled to himself as his mind went back over incidents of the past. With a broad smile on his face, he continued:

"A rebel cost me $2.50 down there one day, but I paid it and I guess it was worth it. There was one rebel always telling me how they had licked us in a certain battle. I knew that he was a fellow who had quit the Confederates and that we had taken him into our ranks. One day, when he got talking about how they had licked us I up and told him that he hadn't taken any hand in it and that we had brought him into our ranks. He called me a liar and I slapped his face. I knew that he would have me arrested for that so I made a bee-line for the magistrate's office and gave myself. It cost me $2.50. That's the trouble with some of the rebels down there, they don't want to ever make up their minds that the war was all over 47 years ago."

Mr. Tibbens, before leaving Virginia, disposed of his farm and other possessions. Land which he purchased for $3 an acre sold for $100, which is a nifty profit. He expects to remain in the North and round out his years among friends of earlier days.

The Tibbens family are really a remarkable group. Of four sons and four daughters all are living, and all are well on in years. One of W. F. Tibbens' brothers is Henry, of Bellefonte; another is Joseph, of Beech Creek, and the third is Samuel, who resides in Kansas. The four sisters are Mrs. Angeline Noll, of Kansas; Mrs. Elizabeth Tate and Mrs. Jamima Jodon, of Pleasant Gap, and Mrs. Alice Showers, of Bellefonte.

DR. CURTIN ILL

Prominent Physician's Recovery Doubtful; Native of Bellefonte.

Dr. Roland G. Curtin, prominent physician of Philadelphia and writer on medical subjects, is critically ill at his home, 22 South Eighteenth street in that city.

On New Year's day Dr. Curtin suffered an attack of heart trouble and has been confined to his bed since that time. Dr. E. T. Robinson, his stepson, who is the attending physician, declared it was only the wonderful vitality of the venerable medical practitioner that is keeping him alive.

Doctor Curtin was born in Bellefonte, Pa., October 29, 1839. He graduated from the Williston Seminary, in Massachusetts, and for a time engaged in the iron business in Philadelphia. During the civil war he held the position of naval storekeeper at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. He was graduated from the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania in 1866, and for two years was resident physician at Blockley. Since that time he had held various important posts in the Wagner Free Institute, University Medical School, Presbyterian Hospital, Rush Hospital for Consumptives, Douglass Memorial Hospital, St. Timothy's Hospital and other institutions.

Doctor Curtin was assistant medical director at the centennial exhibition in 1876, and was honorary president of the Medico-Climatology division of the world's congress at Chicago in 1893.

Since 1891 Doctor Curtin has been president of the medicial board of the Philadelphia Hospital. He is president of the Association of Hospital Surgeons and Physicians in Philadelphia, and is identified with many other medical organizations in the city.

In 1871 Doctor Curtin received the degree of doctor of philosophy from the University of Pennsylvania, and in 1883 was made master of arts by Lafayette College.

Read "The Republican" $1 year in advance.

FARM HOUSE BURNED

Fire Destroys George Tibbens Place on Brockerhoff Farm Nearby Town.

Fire early Sunday morning, last, completely destroyed the George Tibbens home on the Brockerhoff farm, nearby Bellefonte. Mr. Tibbens and a boy were in the house when the blaze was discovered, Mrs. Tibbens being at the home of her sister, Mrs. Dale, at Houserville. Mr. Tibbens was awakened by the falling of some seed corn strung up in the kitchen to dry. Some of the household goods were saved, but the building was burned to the ground. In the excitement Mr. Tibbens unaided managed to get his piano out of the house. The next day it required five men to lift it.

A summer kitchen, but a few feet from the house, escaped without so much as being scorched. The property was insured by Dr. J. M. Brockerhoff. Mr. Tibbens had his household goods partly insured.

Cattle Dealer Fined.

W. H. Derstine, a cattle dealer, at Telford, Montgomery County, has been convicted and fined $175 by the United States Court at Baltimore, for violating the Federal and Pennsylvania inter-state cattle laws. Derstine shipped a cow that re-acted to the tuberculin test from Hagerstown, Maryland, into Pennsylvania. The cow when killed showed extensive lesions of tuberculosis. This case is the outcoming of the arrangement for co-operation between the United States and the Pennsylvania State Livestock Sanitary Board officials to break up the traffic in diseased cattle.

Ex-Sheriff Munson Ill.

Ex-Sheriff L. T. Munson is very ill at his home on Allegheny Street. He has been confined to his bed since Monday. At times he suffers considarable pain.

Left Over Million.

The will of the late Hamilton B. Humes, of Jersey Shore, reveals that his estate is worth over $1,000,000.

PALMER BACKS KURTZ TO PICK UP $5000 JOB

Local Man Regarded as Slated for Surveyor of Port.

MR. MEEK D-E-LIGHTED?

News That Bosom Friend is to Get His Old Job Charms Veteran Boss of Regular Democrats—Reorganizers in Favor at Washington.

Developments at Washington since the inauguration of President Wilson would seem to indicate that the so-called old-line regular Democrats are to be frozen out in the matter of patronage and jobs awarded to the reorganizers only so far as Pennsylvania is concerned. The program arranged by the State leaders, who appear to have the ear of President Wilson, includes the appointment of Charles R. Kurtz, editor of the "Centre Democrat" to the $5,000 job of Surveyor of the Port at Philadelphia. This position was at one time held by Mr. Kurtz's close friend, P. Gray Meek, editor of the "Democratic Watchman."

A. Mitchell Palmer, elected by the Democratic reorganizers as Pennsylvania's representative in the National Committee, has been chosen as chairman of the Democratic caucus in the House at Washington. In this capacity he also serves as President Wilson's personal representative on the floor. Mr. Palmer's "O. K." is necessary on applications for appointments if the same are expected to be considered at the White House. Palmer is booming Kurtz for the job at Philadelphia.

James I. Blakslee, of Carbon County secretary of Palmer's Democratic State Committee, was this week appointed Fourth Assistant Postmaster General. Blakslee is a radical in his opposition to the old Guffey element in the Democratic party. His application for the appointment was indorsed by Palmer and went through without a hitch. It is understood that President Wilson appointed Blakslee at the earliest possible moment to show other Pennsylvania Democrats how the winds were blowing and to let the old line fellows know at the start that there would be no jobs for them.

Democratic State Chairman G. W. Guthrie, who with Palmer and Vance C. McCormick, of Harrisburg, is in possession of the new Democratic machine in Pennsylvania, is scheduled for appointment as Minister to Italy or some other equally desirable foreign post. It is stated that Guthrie's name will be sent to the Senate for confirmation at an early date to further impress the Guffey faction in the State that there is nothing doing for them unless they renounce their old allegiance and enroll under the flag of the reorganizers.

Palmer, at Washington, has been literally swamped with applicants and applications for jobs. He has four stenographers busy daily answering letters from those who regard themselves as patriots and vital factors in having made possible Wilson's election. Driven frantic by the demands made on him, Palmer has sent out a cry for relief. He has let it be known that applicants applying in person will not fare half so well as those making known their desires by mail.

BUYS COAL YARD

A. G. Morris Purchases Plant from Edward K. Rhoads Estate.

The coal yard for many years operated by the late Edward K. Rhoads was on Saturday purchased from the estate by A. G. Morris. It is said the consideration was somewhere in the neighborhood of $9,000.

Alec Morris, youngest son of A. G. Morris, will operate the coal yard. He will have the assistance of Wagner Geiss, who was for a number of years associated with the late E. K. Rhoads. Mr. Morris took charge on Monday morning.

Hair Snipper Arrested.

Paul Harter, a young man and member of a well known Lock Haven family, was arrested in a Lock Haven theatre on Tuesday night charged with cutting off portions of hair from the heads of young ladies. He was detected in the act of cutting the hair of Miss Amy Dean a 16-years-old girl from Flemington. The arrest created a mild sensation, owing to the prominence of the young man. He was later related under bail.

Spring Term Normal.

A spring term normal school will be conducted at Howard for teachers and those preparing to teach, beginning April 14th, 1913. Inquire of F. Milford Pletcher, Principal, Howard, Pa.

JUDGE ORVIS PLEASES 12 LIQUOR DEALERS

Grants All Philipsburg Licenses But Central Hotel.

THEN GIVES REASONS

Result Proved Sad Disappointment to Friends of Temperance Who Were Hopeful Court Would Make Philipsburg "Dry" Town.

Judge Orvis last Friday handed down an opinion which marks a big victory for Philipsburg's liquor dealers and a crushing defeat for the several hundred persons from that town who had petitioned the court to grant no licenses. Of the thirteen applicants from Philipsburg Judge Orvis granted licenses to all but one, and in the latter case a re-hearing will be requested. The one applicant refused was William H. Hindle, of the Central Hotel.

Judge Orvis made no announcement regarding the application for license for the Millheim Hotel.

The news that Judge Orvis had granted all but one of the Philipsburg licenses created no surprise, since the prevailing belief on the street from the beginning of the case was that in the end few, if any, of the applicants would be turned down The friends of temperance were sadly disappointed, however, for they had hoped Judge Orvis would place himself on their side and strike a decisive blow by making Philipsburg a "dry" town. In granting the licenses Judge Orvis handed down the following opinion:

"The history of the present and preceding applications for license from the Borough of Philipsburg strikingly illustrates the practical difficulties that present themselves to the Quarter Sessions as a License Court in satisfactorily disposing of the questions raised therein. These difficulties are largely owing to the fact that the several parties in interest almost invariably approach such issues from an entirely different standpoint than they would any other question or issue in any of the courts of the Commonwealth.

"Personally, as the court is now constituted, it has for eight successive years sat upon these same license petitions from Philipsburg without the benefit or assistance of a single remonstrance or of any evidence from any source whatsoever. For eight years, at least no objection or exception has been filed to the granting of a single license in the Borough. Suddenly, without any apparent change in conditions, exceptions are filed to every application, and numerous signatures are obtained to petitions praying the Court to refuse each and every application.

"In many other sections of the County we have the benefit of personal observation and personal knowledge of the character of the hotels and the fitness of the landlords. In the case of Philipsburg, however, owing to its situation in a distant part of the County, on the western slope of the Allegheny Mountains, the Court feels that it has not that personal knowledge of the situation, either generally or specially, as will enable it to dispose fairly and properly of the various applications; and that in consequence we are entitled and have a right to expect, when any question is raised, to have and receive proper evidence and testimony bearing upon the necessity of the place, the character and condition of the house, and the fitness and qualifications of the applicant. In none of the cases before us from Philipsburg have the remonstrants seen fit to furnish us with any testimony or evidence that will aid us in properly disposing of the applications. No specific charges are made, nor is any evidence produced on the behalf of the remonstrants bearing upon the need of the licensed place or the fitness of the applicant for license. The good citizens, through their Counsel, seem to feel that all that was necessary for them to do was to petition the Court to refuse each and every application.

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(continued on page 4)

Flesh and Blood Dividends.

(Communicated.)

In the town of Bristol, Pa., is a large and flourishing worsted mill, one of the noted establishments of the kind. One traveling on the Pennsylvania Railroad, between Philadelphia and Trenton, can hardly help noticing the impressive buildings.

So important is this enterprise and its location, as compared with the other interests of Bristol and its inhabitants, that the Pennsylvania Railroad recently moved its tracks from the center of the town over to the site of the Grundy mills and built a new station at that favored spot.

Joseph R. Grundy, the present owner of the plant, is about 50 years old, unmarried and very rich. By birth, and doubtless by consent, he is a Quaker; at least, he is loyal enough to the tenets of that denomination to maintain with scrupulous propriety the use of "thee" and "thou" in conversation.

If he had been born into a different environment as regards his personal fortune, and if he had not yielded so completely to the agreeable passion of money-getting, Mr. Grundy might have been a leading figure in promoting the private and civic virtues which make the principles of the Quakers so admirable. He might have been an earnest and practical advocate of temperance, of honor and efficiency in public officials and of helpful legislation, instead of being an ally of the liquor interests and one of the most potent supporters of gang politics, with its record of infamy.

But Mr. Grundy early came under influences which are singularly powerful in persuading a man that the most important public interest is his private interest. The prosperity of the worsted mills which he inherited has been, in large measure, due to tariff protection. He has operated them under one of the most favorable clauses of schedule K, which even President Taft was moved to denounce as "indefensible." His large fortune is due, in great measure, to the swollen profits which he has been able to heap up under that instrument of special privilege.

The beneficiary of special privilege, however, cannot select one form of it and repudiate all other forms. Not only as a matter of consistency, but for the sake of safety, he must support the entire system. And in time he is able to persuade himself that it is a conscientious duty, as well as good policy, for him to uphold the forces of special privilege in whatever guise they appear.

Thus we find Mr. Grundy as busy in Washington and in Harrisburg as he is in Bucks county. We find him flitting about committee rooms where the tariff schedules are made, particularly solicitous for schedule K, but consistently for the highest possible duties all round.

We find that he is cordially regarded by the treasurers of campaign committees formed to elect standpat congressmen whose views on the tariff are "sound." We find him invariably supporting the schemes as Penrose—not because there is any sympathy between the characters of the two men, but because Penrose is, or was, a serviceable employe of the special privilege which is useful to Mr. Grundy.

For the same reason he is a faithful political ally of McNichol. Far apart as may seem the interests of this respectable Bucks county manufacturer and the boss of the tenderloin, they really converge in public affairs. The policies of Mr. Grundy are those which appeal to Mr. McNichol, and the purposes of Mr. McNichol receive compensating support from Mr. Grundy.

Thus there have been two districts in the state upon which Penrose and his allies could inevitably count—the wards in Philadelphia where commercialized vice reigns, and the county where Mr. Grundy exercises his sway. No matter how vicious a scheme of legislation might be, it could safely command the vote of every member owning him as leader.

In his operations he leaves few tracks. He is habitually cautious, but as persistent as he is vigilant. When he appears in Harrisburg to promote a bad bill or antagonize a good one, he seems to be a silent spectator. If talking is to be done, a skillful lawyer does it. But the result always shows a profitable working agreement with the McNichols and others who are also in the advancement of special privilege interests.

We have devoted this large amount of space to Mr. Grundy because during the present session of the legislature he has made himself even more conspicuous and more obnoxious than usual. He appears in person as the head and front of the special lobby aiming to prevent legislation protecting women and children in industry.

For years those who have tried to promote such legislation have met the bland, powerful opposition of this man, but never before has he shown such undisguised hostility. Day after day he is in evidence, haunting committee rooms, making himself agreeable to chairmen, buttonholing members and pouring into their ears whispered adjurations; prompting lawyers in their appeals for the "industrial premiership of this grand old commonwealth."

It is well that the legislators and the public should understand just how far his demands go. Not satisfied with exacting duties to protect his private business from foreign competition, he seeks the further special privilege of an advantage over his competitors in other states in this country. In other words, he wants to keep the right of working women and children in his mills under conditions which are forbidden by law to his competitors in other states.

Of all the states in the Union, Pennsylvania is the only one which permits an employer to work a woman for twelve hours a day, and shares with West Virginia the exclusive distinction of working boys all night. In textiles, Massachusetts is the chief competitor of Pennsylvania; and there the law forbids the working of women for more than ten hours.

Massachusetts for twenty-five years past has forbidden the working of women in factories after 10 o'clock at night, and since 1907 has not permitted their being worked in textile establishments after 6 o'clock. In Pennsylvania employers may work women all night long, and many of them do so.

It is advantages such as these enjoyed by Pennsylvania mill owners over industrial rivals in New England, that Mr. Grundy is striving to keep by his opposition to the bills now in the legislature regulating the conditions of labor of women and children, who comprise nearly all the workers in his Bristol mills. He is using his utmost endeavors to prevent the passage of legislation to protect them from exploitation. He is not ashamed to appear in person and plead, through attorneys, for the continuance of the right to grind flesh and blood into dividends.

Now let us examine these measures which Mr. Grundy is taking such pains to defeat.

That affecting women would limit their employment to six days a week; there is now no restriction. It would make the maximum labor ten hours a day and fifty-five hours a week after September 1913, and nine hours a day and fifty hours a week after September, 1914; the present law permits twelve hours a day and sixty hours a week for those more than 18 years old.

As to night work, those more than 18 may now work until any hour, or all night long; the proposed law would prohibit factory work after 10 o'clock for those more than 21 years old, and work in any establishment after 9 o'clock for those more younger.

Luncheon intervals for girls over 18 may now be as short as the employer cares to make them; the new law would require an interval of not less than forty-five minutes. It would also prohibit employment of a woman within four weeks after the birth to her of a child, and it provides health regulations as to seats for workers, pure drinking water, sanitary arrangements, etc.

Twenty-two states have a legal workday of ten hours or less for women. Eleven states have eight-hour bills now pending. If Mr. Grundy has his way, Pennsylvania will retain the infamous celebrity of being the only state permitting—that is, forcing—women to labor twelve hours a day.

The provisions of the child labor bill, which is more familiar to the public, may be briefly outlined as follows:

Minors under 14 years not to be employed. Under 16, shall not be employed on dangerous machines nor in certain dangerous trades, as specified. Employment of minors under 18, in certain other trades, prohibited. Those under 16 not to be employed more than six days a week nor more than forty-eight hours a week; not before 7 A. M. nor after 6 P. M. (There is a special provision, recently added, that girls between 15 and 21 and boys between 16 and 18 may work nine and a half hours in any one day provided the establishment works only five days a week.)

Mr. Grundy, who employs 1000 persons, chiefly women and children, is against these bills. He has made several trips to Harrisburg in opposition to them. He has given orders to some members of the legislature and pleaded with others, and the attorneys on his side have argued valiantly against the measures. No doubt he will be busy at the sessions this week; no doubt he will be present next Monday, when the committee on labor and industries is expected to report the bills.

This legislation is the product of inquiry which has covered every state in the Union and every civilized country in the world. It aims simply to bring Pennsylvania abreast with other communities which have, in a measure, prohibited the ruthless exploitation of women and children. It is in behalf of the 250,000 female workers of the state, who have no power to protect themselves. It is in behalf of decency and humanity.

We think that the members of the legislature will have these things in mind when next they see Mr. Grundy tiptoeing about the house or the committee rooms begging them to continue the special privilege he now enjoys over his competitors elsewhere—the privilege of working women and children in a manner which every other state in the Union condemns as inhuman and prohibits as unlawful.

Signing the Pledge.

"New York is a town of pledge signers," said a transplanted Bostonian. "People sign pledges to refrain from about every vice and pleasure known to the human race. Pledges striking a death blow at intemperance and profanity, of course, are most popular here, as elsewhere, but they are only the top liners in a varied list of abstinences.

"During my six months' residence in New York I have been approached by emissaries from humane societies, botanical and horticultural societies, patriotic societies, physical culture clubs and every kind of benevolent institution the town affords, asking me to pledge myself to refrain from doing any of the things those organizations condemn. At pledge headquarters they even attempt to regulate your literary and musical tastes by obtaining your promise not to read certain books or listen to certain kinds of music. No matter how freakish a pledge may seem to the average citizen it finds hundreds of supporters, and as all pledges really tend to regeneration it is not unnatural to expect the millennium to strike New York most any day."—New York Times.

When Amundsen Reached the Pole.

In Amundsen's "South Pole" he tells of his three years' sojourn in the antarctic and gives this account of the supreme moment of the trip:

At 3 in the afternoon a simultaneous "Halt!" rang out from the drivers. They had carefully examined their sledge meters, and they all showed the full distance—our pole by reckoning. The goal was reached, the journey ended. I cannot say—though I know it would sound much more effective—that the object of my life was attained. That would be romancing rather too barefacedly. I had better be honest and admit straight out that I have never known any man to be placed in such a diametrically opposite position to the goal of his desires as I was at that moment. The regions around the north pole—well, yes, the north pole itself—had attracted me from childhood, and here I was at the south pole. Can anything more topsy turvy be imagined?

Medicine and Law.

Medicine stands in this strange contrast to law, that while the public is clamoring for the lawyers to advance the lawyers themselves as a class offer the chief resistance. The medical profession constantly outstrips and leads the public imagination in devices to check disease. Although much at the start was due to laymen the campaign against tuberculosis, against infant mortality, against malarial and typhoid fevers, is largely captained and manned by doctors, who have the hearty support of the profession as a whole. Of two Rip Van Winkles awakening today the physician would find his old methods as rust eaten and useless as his instruments. The lawyer, after a few hours with new statutes, would feel at home in any of our courts.—G. M. Stratton in Atlantic Monthly.

A Cruel Injustice to MacNab.

One morning at breakfast, when Dominie Thompson, the tutor, was present, Sir Walter Scott was going on with great glee to relate a story of the Laird of MacNab, "who, poor fellow," premised he, "is dead and gone."

"Why, Mr. Scott," exclaimed his good lady, "MacNab's not dead, is he?"

"Faith, my dear," replied Scott, with humorous gravity, "if he is not dead they have done him great injustice, for they have buried him."

The joke passed harmless and unnoticed by Mrs. Scott, but hit the poor dominie just as he had raised a cup of tea to his lips, causing a burst of laughter which sent half the contents about the table.—Dyer in "Great Men at Play."

Slaves In Old Rome.

In Rome, in the golden age, a laborer cost only $100, and sometimes, after a great victory and an influx of captives into the capital, it was possible to buy strong, capable slaves for $5 apiece. Skilled slaves, men with trades, brought higher prices. Cicero paid $1,000 for a scribe. Catiline had a cook that cost him $2,500. A gardener was worth $300, a blacksmith $750, an actor $5,000, a physician $10,000.

A Modern Liner.

"How are you going to amuse yourself this afternoon?" asked the first passenger.

"I am going to a moving picture show in the main cabin. Better come."

"Can't. I've promised to take my wife for a taxicab ride on the upper deck."—Pittsburgh Post.

Majesty.

"My wife adores the majesty of the Alps, whereas I adore the majesty of the ocean," said Pfeif.

"And your daughter?" inquired a friend.

"Oh, she just adores majesty by itself."—Lustige Blatter.

Didn't Like the Combination.

Weary Walker—I allers know'd it.

Tired Tatters—Know'd wot?

"Wot dat sign over de way sez—'Cleaning and Dyeing.'"

"Well, wot erbout it?"

"Why, I allers know'd dey went together."—Boston Post.

Willing to Oblige.

Lawyer—We want you to be willing to waive immunity in this case. Witness—All right; hand the old rag here. I'll wave anything to oblige you.—Baltimore American.

A concealed spark is more to be feared than an open fire.—German Proverb.

The Pleasures of Obscurity.

It is apparent from this anecdote, printed in the New York Sun, that a story, although 2,200 years old, can still be fresh and amusing. It is a personal anecdote of Chuang Tzu, a brilliant Chinese writer and philosopher of the fourth century B. C.

Chuang Tzu was fishing in the P'u river when the Prince of Ch'u sent two high officials to ask him to take charge of the administration of that province.

Chuang Tzu went on fishing and, without turning his head, said: "I have heard that in Ch'u there is a sacred tortoise that has been dead some 3,000 years and that the prince keeps this tortoise carefully inclosed in a chest on the altar of his ancestral temple. Now, would this tortoise rather be dead and have its remains venerated or be alive and wagging its tail in the mud?"

"It would rather be alive," replied the two officials, "and wagging its tail in the mud."

"Begone!" cried Chuang Tzu. "I, too, will wag my tail in the mud."

Some Pessimistic Statistics.

Estimating the world's population as 1,500,000,000, the whole human race at present living could stand comfortably shoulder to shoulder in an area of 500 square miles.

Taking the number of generations in the past 6,000 years as 200, the room taken by them all on the above plan would only be half the size of Germany, or less than the area of the state of Colorado. To bury all the people on earth would require a graveyard a little larger than that area.

If the dust left by each body be estimated at one-tenth of a cubic yard, which is a liberal estimate, it would cover only forty square miles to a depth of about three feet. This certainly seems insignificant. It is pointed out, compared with the great coral reefs and other immense deposits built up by the shells of tiny mollusks.—Harper's Weekly.

No. 13 Friday Street, London.

Quite a tenth of the London streets have no Nos 13. There is no such number in the Strand nor in Holborn, Westbourne grove, Haymarket, St. James' street, Lowndes square or Park lane. Even the doctors ban it, for Upper Brook street goes from 11 to 15a on the odd number side of the street. In the humbler quarters of London it is the same—for instance, Charlotte street, Southwark, Rotherhithe street and Charles street, Hoxton. Even the printing press does not drive away superstition, for in Wine office court and other purlieus on Fleet street the number is missing. City men, too, have banished it from London street, Tokenhouse yard and Threadneedle street. There is, however, a manufacturer—greatly daring—who for years has carried on business at 13 Friday street.—London Standard.

A Marvelous Cure.

The part the imagination plays in causing and curing many of the ills that flesh is heir to has never been so amusingly demonstrated as in the case of a Glasgow lady who suffers from severe nervous headaches. The only remedy she acknowledges is So-and-so's pills. These always effect a cure, she says. One evening recently she complained of a very bad attack. At her request the little white pill was brought with a glass of water to "get it over." The effect was marvelous. Within a few minutes the patient declared she felt better, and within half an hour the headache was gone. Imagine the lady's surprise and the household's amusement when, on some one going to wash out the drinking glass next morning, the little white pill was found sticking to the bottom.—Glasgow News.

The Bulgarian Servant.

The Bulgarians have a curious way of recruiting servants at two periods in the year. On St. George's day, the 23d of April, and on the 26th of October the streets of the capital are filled with servants who come to look for employment. The ladies who employ them pass by in a street reserved especially for this strange "market" and examine and interrogate the aspirants. The average wages is $4 per month, out of which sum the woman servant manages to save enough for a fair sized "dot" on the occasion of her marriage.—Harper's Weekly.

Papa's Ally.

"Papa says," announced the sweet young thing, "that when you come to call on me hereafter you must not come in a street car."

"Great guns! Must I walk?"

"No. You are to come in a taxicab and have it wait for you. Papa says that this will not only prove how much you love me, but save his staying up nights to make noises and wind the clock."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Medicine of the Soul.

Medicine and religion, which are too frequently regarded as mutually antagonistic, should be mutually complementary. There are many diseases in which the medicine of the soul is a powerful adjuvant in the treatment of the body.—British Medical Journal.

Times Change.

Mrs. Benham—You used to say that you would give your life for me. Benham—That was when I was sick and expected to die anyway.

Details Wanted.

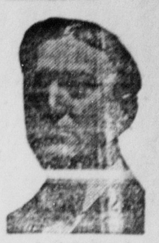
Client—He called me a liar, a scoundrel, a coward and a thief. Lawyer—And which epithet is it you object to?—Boston Transcript.

He that plants thorns must never expect to gather roses.—Pilpay.

ECZEMA

CAN BE CURED

I WILL PROVE IT TO YOU FREE



J. C. Hutzell, R. P.

You who are suffering the tortures of Eczema, Itch, Salt Rheum or other skin diseases—you whose days are miserable and sleepless by the terrible itching, burning pain—I will send you a trial of a soothing, healing treatment which has cured hundreds, which I believe will cure you. I will send it free, postage paid, without any obligation on your part. Just fill the coupon below and mail it to me, or write me, giving your name, age and address. I will send the treatment free of cost to you.

CUT AND MAIL TO DAY

J. C. HUTZELL, 115 West Main St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Please send without cost or obligation to me your Free Proof Treatment.

Name..... Age.....

Post Office .....

State..... Street and No.....

Court Ruling on Constables.

A case of considerable interest, especially to constables was decided by Judge Woods at Bedford last Saturday. Case No. 9, April term 1913, in Common pleas court, Leo Geinger, of Everett, and the County Commissioners agreed as to the facts in a case stated and requested the decision as to the amount of fees the constable was entitled to receive for serving subpoenas in the case of the Commonwealth vs. A. J. Smith. The case was argued by Attorney H. C. James for Geinger and Attorney J. N. Minnich for the Commissioners, being their solicitor. Plaintiff claimed $1 for serving the first subpoena and fifty cents for each of the twelve additional, and forty cents mileage, 4 miles at ten cents; total, $7.40. The defendant by the solicitor, held that he was entitled to $2.19, fifteen each for serving the thirteen subpeonas and six cents per mile mileage. The fees of the constable were charged under the Act of June 11, 1901; the defendant claimed that the Act of Assembly of June 20, 1911, regulated the charges in this case. Judge J. M. Woods decided that the Act of 1911 was unconstitutional and that the constable was entitled to fees under the act of 1901; he directed that judgment be entered in favor of the plaintiff (Geinger) against Bedford county for the amount claimed, $7.40, and the costs which will amount to over $5.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers.

Wm. H. Noll, Jr., et al, to Boyd A. Noll, lot in State College; $395.

Sallie M. Hayes, et bar, to George H. Leathers, 26 acres in Spring township; $19,000.

Irvin A. Bartges, et ux, to Alfred L. Auman, property in Penn township; $1.

William Bilger, et ux, to Commonwealth of Penn., 2 tracts in Benner, College, Harris; $1100.

May C. Williams, et bar, to Oliver N. Yarnell, tract in Walker township; $200.

William Pealer, et ux, to Clement Lutz, tract in Walker township; $3000.

J. H. Ross, et ux, to E. A. Fry, tract in Ferguson township; $300.

J. C. Stevens, et ux, to Mina Goheen, tract in Taylor Township; $825.

E. W. Sweeny, et ux, to George H. Shugarts, lot in Bealsburg; $150.

Enoch W. Sweeny, et ux, to George H. Shugarts, tract in Harris township; $200.

Charles S. Miller Dead.

Charles S. Miller, of Centre County's oldest and best known citizens, died on Monday of last week at his late home at Rock Springs. He was aged 86 years. He spent the greater part of his life in farming, later conducting a grocery store at Rock, where he was postmaster for a number of years.

Vandals at Gettysburg.

Centre County Civil war veterans, especially those who served in the 49th Penna Vols., were no little interested in the news despatches of several days ago stating that vandals had destroyed a number of monuments on the Grettysburg battlefield, including the monument erected to the memory of the 49th. According to the despatches the vandals used sledge hammers in breaking or otherwise defacing the monuments. Colonel Robert S. Westbrook, of Altoona, adjutant of the 49th., made the interesting comment that members of the regiment were not really sorry their monument had been damaged. He said:

"The members of the Forth-ninth regiment are not really sorry the affair happened. The engraving on that monument was all wrong. We tried to have it fixed up, but the government would not do it for us. We do not like to see such a beautiful shaft destroyed; but we are not worrying nearly so much as we would be if the inscriptions had been right."

The colonel produced a drawing of the monument which was erected by the state government. The United States archives were consulted to obtain the statistics of the regiment, and the figures were all wrong. Mr. Westbrook has kept careful figures about his comrades, and his statistics have since been accepted as correct by the government.

Following are the figures inscribed on the monument: Enrollment of the regiment, 1,400; killed, 91; died of wounds, 58; died of diseases, 173; wounded, 333; captured and missing, 74; total, 727.

Following are the correct figures, as shown by Colonel Westbrook's records: Enrollment, 1,597; killed, 152; died of wounds, 51; died of diseases, 151, wounded, 403; captured and missing, 48; total, 805. If the men who died the night after the Battle of Gettysburg are added to the list, the number of the killed will be brought to 203.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed at the postoffice for the week ending March 10th, 1913: Miss Betty Blind, Miss Beryl Cline, Harry Deters, Mrs. Caroline Hess, W. H. Homan, Mrs. Esther Jones, Miss S. Mortimer, David Reed, Patsy Sorbeck, Mrs. Marie Thompson. Foreign Acino Cristofano, Francesco Zucalla, Mike Sawczyszyn.

When called for pleased say advertised in "The Republican."

H. L. Blowers Dead.

H. L. Blowers, a former resident of Philipsburg, died on Thursday of last week at Houtzdale. Interment was made in Philipsburg.

"Dr. Thomas" Eclectic Oil is the best remedy for that often fatal disease—croup. Has been used with success in our family for eight years."—Mrs. L. Whiteacre, Buffalo, N. Y.

"It was well you telephoned!"

In times of accident or sudden illness your first thought should be the telephone, to call the doctor and find out what should be done while he is on his way. That simple first-aid method has forestalled many a serious complication.

Are you prepared for emergencies?

Have you a Bell Telephone in your home—that sleepless, ever ready messenger in time of trouble?

Call the Business Office to-day.

The Bell Telephone Co. of Penna.
W. S. MALLALIEU, Local Manager.
Bellefonte, Pa.

HE TOOK HIS MEDICINE

And Didn't Squeal Either

By F. A. MITCHEL

I reached my friend Mark Appleton's country house in time to dress for dinner and congratulated myself at having before me a very pleasant visit, but I did not foresee an episode that was destined to endanger my intimacy with Mark and with other results of still greater importance.

The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Appleton, Miss Clara Digby, Mrs. Appleton's sister, aged twenty, and their brother Tom, aged eighteen. Tom, I was told, was suffering with a bilious attack and was confined to his room. I found Miss Clara a very delightful young lady, and during the dinner she seemed very responsive to an admiration I could not conceal. During the evening we all played bridge whist, Mrs. Appleton being my partner. But this did not prevent an undercurrent of mutual interest that was continually passing between the young lady and myself.

Having finished the evening, Mark showed me to my room, which was one of four bedrooms on the second floor, two on each side of the hall. I noticed that the doors of my room and the one adjoining were side by side. It occurred to me that I would not like to try to enter my chamber in the dark, for I would be likely to get into the other room. I fell asleep thinking of Clara Digby and the pleasures in store for me the next day.

I was awakened by feeling a spoon shoved against my mouth. It was warm and contained a warm liquid. Half awake, I opened my lips, and the contents of the spoon passed down into my stomach. I recognized it as beef broth. When I had swallowed the first spoonful another was placed against my lips, and I swallowed that too. Another was put against my chin, and that was spilled.

"There," said a voice which I recognized as that of Clara Digby, "you should have let me light the gas."

By this time I was awake and knew that my hostess' sister was in my room giving me a midnight luncheon intended for a sick man. But a surprise like that sprung on a man sound asleep is not an easy one for him to tackle. My reasoning powers worked slowly. If they had not I should probably have blurted out, "What in the world are you doing here?" or some such question.

As it was, it took time for the possible outcome of the episode to work into my brain. Presently I came to realize that Miss Digby had made a mistake and that upon recognizing her position she would be very much pained. Should I apprise her of the fact that she was in the wrong room or wait for her to go out in ignorance of the fact?

While I was deliberating she fed me the remainder of the broth. Then, saying that she had forgotten to give me my medicine, she went to a closet, and I heard her fumbling among some bottles. "I hope I won't poison you," she said, "but I can't see in the dark. I've got it. It's the little square bottle." And the next thing I knew she had poured a spoonful of medicine down where she had placed the broth. Then, having put down the spoon, with a "Good night, hope you'll be better in the morning," she went out, shutting the door behind her.

At first I congratulated myself that I had not ruffled her modesty by betraying her blunder, but I soon came to rue my silence. The dose she had given me made me deathly sick. I remembered her words, "I hope I won't poison you," and I began to fear she had. I managed to get out of bed, lit the gas and made a search for the square bottle from which she had given me my medicine. I found two square bottles, one labeled, "Dose, one tablespoonful every six hours," the other, "Three drops in half a glass of water."

Great heavens! I had probably taken drops by the spoonful. There was no time for fooling. I went into the hall and called lustily for Mark. He came out in his nightshirt and asked wildly what was the matter.

"Poisoned!" I cried and, going back into my room, fell on the bed.

I have ever since been proud of my gallantry in protecting Miss Digby. When Mark came in, asking half a dozen questions at once, I paid no attention to them, but called on him for an emetic.

He ran hurriedly downstairs, awakening the household as he went, and in a few minutes returned with some mustard water. I drank it and threw the broth, the medicine and everything else off my stomach. By this time Mrs. Appleton and Miss Digby, in wrappers and curl papers, came into the room to see if I had expired or could be saved. The moment I got the confounded dose off my stomach I felt better and was satisfied that no serious results would follow.

I now fixed my mind on another possible curious result and how to avert it. I must keep the secret. That was very well to resolve, but doing it was another matter.

"What in thunder," cried Mark, his irritation rising with his relief, like the waves of the sea after the wind has gone down, "did you want to poison yourself for?"

There stood Clara, looking as if she had seen a ghost, with a gleam of wonder in her eye, a suspicion that she might have had something to do with this case of suicide.

"I'd rather not tell," I moaned.

"Not tell!" snarled Mark. "Do you mean to admit that you took it on purpose?"

I looked at Clara and saw by her expression that what had been a suspicion had developed into an explanation of the mystery. How could I get out of the scrape without exposing her blunder? There seemed to be no way to protect her except by owning that I had attempted suicide.

"Yes," I said; "I did."

"Well, I'll be hanged! What did you do it for?"

"Love," I said, casting a side glance at Clara. She blushed, but I was the only one of the party who noticed it.

"Are you sure you're free from the effects of the poison?" asked Mrs. Appleton. "Hadn't we better telephone for a doctor?"

"Or a superintendent of a lunatic asylum?" suggested her husband, with a sneer. "There's a law against suicide. I'm going to call for the police."

"Oh, please don't!" cried Miss Digby, wringing her hands.

At this moment a young fellow appeared at the open door in his nightshirt. He was very pale. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Go back to bed," said Mark.

"Clara," said the young man, who was Tom Digby, the real invalid for whom I had suffered, "I thought you were going to give me my medicine at 12 o'clock."

I looked at Clara, wondering what she would say. Would she give herself away after all I had done for her?

"I didn't wake up," she faltered.

"Well," said Mark, "you women had better go to your rooms. I'll see that he's all right, remaining with him as long as necessary. Get along, all of you."

The ladies left us, Clara giving me a look that I construed to be one of gratitude. That it meant a great deal I could not doubt, but so many things that I couldn't be sure which predominated. As soon as they had gone Mark said to me:

"Have you got any more of the stuff about you?"

"No," I replied meekly. "I took it all."

"Where's the bottle?"

"It wasn't liquid. It was tablets."

He looked at me, puzzled, then said: "There's something queer about this. I don't understand it. Are you telling the truth?"

My conscience began to prick me for the lies I had told. At this last question I weakened and went from black lies to white lies.

"I am truly," I replied. "I took a whole swallow of what is usually given in drops."

"I thought you said it was tablets you took?"

"So it was. I am speaking relatively."

"You're lying, and you know you're lying."

Mark remained with me awhile longer, then consented to go back to bed on my promise to call him if I felt the least need of assistance. Before closing the door he turned and said:

"Are you sure this—mania is over?"

"Oh, go to bed," I said impatiently. "I wish to go to sleep."

He gave me another suspicious look, then left me.

The next morning when I appeared at the breakfast table all looked at me anxiously. Since my stomach had been turned inside out I didn't look cheerful, and I didn't feel cheerful, especially as to how I was to continue to lie about the cause of the trouble. Clara kept her eyes down on her plate during the whole meal. Mrs. Appleton looked as if she knew more than she cared to tell, and Mark looked like a man who didn't know anything, but was very much disgruntled. If he had been sure I had tried to commit suicide he would have felt more comfortable.

Mrs. Appleton insisted on my going out on to the porch and lying on a wicker lounge, for the weather was warm, and I was very glad to do so. During the morning when I was alone Clara came out and, after trying to pull herself together by doing things for me I didn't need, suddenly faced me and said:

"Thank you very much."

"Oh, yes. You're quite welcome."

"You are a very—very"—

"What?"

"Accomplished liar."

"Just so—in a good cause. It's too bad you didn't wake up in time to give your brother his medicine."

"That wasn't entirely untrue."

"I think I took mine very well."

"Indeed you did."

"I couldn't have poisoned myself in a better cause than for love, could I?"

"No," she said, turning away.

"It came to me all of a sudden, but was no less real."

There was no reply to this. I reached forward and felt for her hand. She tried to prevent me, but didn't try very hard.

"I hope you're not going to drive me to another attempt," I added.

There was no reply to this either. We heard a step and a rustle within, and I dropped the hand. Mrs. Appleton came out to find her sister covering my feet with an afghan.

"A pretty pair, you two," she said.

"Next time we're going to die together," I remarked.

"How often have I warned you, Clara, not to give or take medicine in the dark?"

Clara looked penitent, and that's the end of the story, except that before I left Clara and I were engaged, and I told Mark the whole story. He's told it a thousand times since, each time adding to it on his own account.

Cream Puff Cure.

A young woman teacher in a school in one of the poorer parts of the city was overcome by a sudden attack of illness the other day. She dismissed the class, telling the boys she felt too ill to continue, but hoped to be quite well by the next day. The teacher rested her head on her arms and sat at her desk a few minutes waiting for strength to start on the journey homeward. She was only dully conscious of what was going on about her and did not notice a group of the ragged youngsters gathered by the door in deep consultation.

In a little while she heard some one softly say, "Teacher!" and looked up. It was the raggedest boy of the lot, and he was holding out a paper bag full of something.

"What is it, Jimmie?" she asked.

"Somethin' t' eat," replied Jimmie.

"But I'm not hungry."

"Yes, you are," insisted the ragged philanthropist, winking at her gravely. "Nobody's sick except when they're hungry. We took up a c'lection an' got these cream puffs fur youse. Eat 'em quick, ma'am, an' you'll feel better."—Philadelphia Star.

The Silence Wager.

Once a Brahman and his wife quarreled acutely over three koi fish. Each wanted to eat two and leave the third for the other. The husband argued that he had fetched them from the bazaar, the wife that she had cooked them. Neither would give way. Then said the Brahmani: "Let us go to bed and see who speaks first. Whichever of us does will have to take the one koi fish." This agreed, they lay down, supperless, and passed the night; the dawn, the morning, in utter silence. The neighbors, alarmed, went in to see if they were dead. They shook them and pulled them about. Still no sound. Then three of them made the funeral pyre, placed the Brahman upon it and applied the torch. Next they lifted up the Brahmani to lay her beside her husband. At that moment the flames reached the body of the Brahman. Unable to keep quiet any longer, he jumped up, crying, "Brahmani, I'll eat the one!" "Then I'll eat the other two," she promptly replied.—"Bengali Household Tales."

Some Indian Precepts.

Ernest Thompson Seton's "The Book of Woodcraft and Indian Lore" contains the teachings of the Indian Chief Wabasha I., from which we quote the following:

"In the day of his strength no man is fat. Fat is good in a beast, but in a man it is disease and comes only of an evil life.

"No man will eat three times each sun if he would keep his body strong and his mind unclouded.

"Bathe every sun in cold water and one sun in seven enter the sweat lodge.

"When your time comes to die sing your death song and die pleasantly, not like the white men, whose hearts are ever filled with the fear of death, so when their time comes they weep and wail and pray for a little more time so they may live their lives over again in a different manner."

Almost Epigrammatic.

This overheard conversation appeals to the weary one as nearly epigrammatic. The young people on the seat ahead of us in the homeward bound car the other night talked it out so loud that we couldn't help hearing it and jotting down a few notes on it.

"So," said the girl, "he said he knew me when I was a little girl?"

"He didn't say anything of the sort," contradicted the man.

"You said he did."

"I didn't."

"Why, then what did you say?"

"I said he said he knew you when he was a boy."

That put such a wet blanket on the conversation that we were able to read our sporting extra uninterrupted for the next several blocks.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bits From Shakespeare.

Users of everyday catchwords are constantly quoting that ubiquitous person Shakespeare. "Dead as a door nail," "long and short of it," "getting even," "tag-rag," "birds of a feather," "that's flat," "mum," "scarecrow," "solid," "milksop," "loggerhead," "bag and baggage," "a mere song," "dancing attendance," "send him packing," "kill with kindness," "give and take," "an eyesore," "to boot" and "the man in the moon" are all his.

Impertinence.

"I was born on the 29th of February."

"Remarkable!"

"Yes. There are few men who have that distinction."

"Very true. Have you ever done anything else unusual?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Cynical.

The old fashioned woman who used to get up at 5 a. m. to celebrate wash day now has a daughter who has an awful time getting the stuff together in time to give it to the laundry driver when he calls at 2 p. m.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Didn't Know Horse Talk.

"Wanted, a man who can speak French and who understands horses," reads an advertisement. One of the applicants wrote, "Oh, yes; I can speak ze Francais, but I know not what 'langue' ze 'orses speak."—London Standard.

Talk of Money.

It is true that money talks, but its vocabulary is limited to "goodby" and one or two other phrases.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Place For All Things.

Willoughby was nervously watching the time, and as the minutes passed and it became evident that the train could not by any possibility reach its destination on time he turned viciously to the porter and began angrily:

"Of all the dad binged old heaps of junk this side of the earthquake belt this railroad of yours is without any exception the"—

"Excuse me, boss," said the porter, with a courteous wave of his whiskbroom toward the rear end of the train, "but dere's an observation cyar on de end ob diss yere train, suh, an' if Ah might take de libbity ob makin' a suggestion, suh, you might go back dere, suh, an' make de observations now risin' in yo' midst. De presence ob ladies on diss yere cyar, suh, is mah excuse fo' makin' de suggestion."

Whereupon Willoughby retired to the rear platform and strewed his observations along the track with such effect that one of the ties was seen to be smoking long after the train had passed it.—Harper's.

Rivalry In Prayer.

Turkish dignitaries comport themselves toward European representatives now otherwise than some of them formerly did. Sir Henry Layard tells an amusing encounter between Charles Alison, then chief interpreter at the British embassy, and the grand vizier, to whom Sir Stratford Canning had sent him on important business. In the middle of a discussion the Turk rose from his seat and said his prayers on a carpet spread by an attendant, concluding with the curse on all Christians very emphatically uttered, and going through the motion of spitting over his right and left shoulders in abhorrence. Alison was equal to the occation. Presently he, too, left off business to pray in a corner, doing it in Turkish and invoking curses on all followers of Islam. To the scandalized Pasha he explained that Christians also had their religious duties, and he had no doubt the formal curses of their prayers meant as little as the Mohammedan's.

The Kind of Eggs He Wanted.

A New York business man has a very delicate boy who is fond of eggs. Now, the father is suspicious of any eggs found within city limits. To his great gratification, therefore, he not long ago discovered what seemed to him an honest marketman.

"Can you furnish me with fresh eggs?" demanded the business man.

"Yes, sir."

"Perfectly fresh?"

"Perfectly."

"Laid the same day?"

The marketman seemed a bit doubtful as to this. "I could hardly guarantee a large quantity that way," said he.

"They must be perfectly fresh," added the father, "they must be three in number, they must be laid the day they are left at my door, and they must be one hen's eggs."—Lippincott's.

Racial Differences as to Humor.

The comparative seriousness of the English and French races is illustrated by their mental attitude toward their respective instruments of capital execution. Sometimes during the Christmas season in Paris little crowds may be seen gathered in the streets around a toy which seems to amuse them very much. This is a miniature guillotine, in complete imitation of the real thing, and it is caused by the men who are vending it to decapitate a manikin of lead to the great delight of the crowds.

The guillotine is not a new toy in France. During the reign of terror little copper guillotines were worn as charms, and during the last century delicate women in the cities of France wore the same strange ornaments.

So far as known, the English speaking race has never converted its gallows into a toy.—Boston Post.

Conventionalities of Speech.

Nothing is easier than to fall into conventionalities of speech, and nothing so impoverishes conversation. A generation ago it was customary to thank a person for a service rendered. Now we thank him "very much," although the service be no more than picking up a pencil. Also it is "awfully good" of him to hold the door open for us or to give up his seat in a car. An amusing story is sure to be applauded by the inane "Oh, that's lovely!" At least let us pray that we may never be the party of the second part in "How's your mother?" "Nicely, thanks."—Youth's Companion.

"The Charles Dickens Train."

A friend of mine who was connected with the London and Northwestern railway for over forty years was traveling to London on the "Charles Dickens" train. Before starting he strolled up the platform as usual to have a look at the engine. "Well, driver," he said, "how much of the original engine have you there today?" "P'raps the whustle, sir," said the driver.—Manchester Guardian.

Floral Scandal.

"You can't paint the lily," declared the rose.

"Maybe not," responded the aster. "But have you noticed?"

"Noticed what?"

"The lily pads!"—Washington Herald.

Proving His Point.

Sillicus—What is the age of discretion? Cynicus—There isn't any. I know a man over seventy who married his fourth wife the other day.—Philadelphia Record.

Many a man finds out too late that he cannot hide anything from his own conscience.—Pliny.

Reading the Riot Act.

What is commonly meant by "reading the riot act" is better known than the origin of the phrase. The historical riot act was passed by the British parliament in the reign of George I. in 1714. It enacts that felony is committed when twelve or more persons unlawfully, riotously and tumultuously assemble together to the disturbance of the public peace, so to continue together for an hour after being commanded to disperse by the sheriff or undersheriff or a justice or the mayor of the borough.

In the "reading" of the British riot act, which is a necessary preliminary to its being put into operation, it is not customary to recite the whole of the statute, which is rather a long one, but only the following proclamation, which it contains: "Our sovereign lord the king chargeth and commandeth all persons being assembled immediately to disperse themselves and peaceably to depart to their habitations or to their lawful business upon the pains contained in the act made in the first year of King George for preventing tumults and riotous assemblies. God save the king!"

Lincoln's Book Friends.

A few fine books, well known, like a few fine friends, are worth more than many mere acquaintances. The Bible, "Aesop's Fables," "Robinson Crusoe" and "Pilgrim's Progress" were Lincoln's real friends. He used to lie on the floor and laugh over the "Arabian Nights." When his stepmother saw that books meant a great deal more to him than they did to any of her own children she took "particular care," as she said, "not to disturb him till he quit of his own accord." She honored his private bookcase between the logs next to his bed, and the big fires he used to build to read by at night. She knew that he carried a book out to the fields so that he could read while his horse was resting, and often she would find him copying out, with his turkey buzzard pen and a brier root ink, some favorite part to remember. "A boy like that deserves to have his chance," she would say to herself.—Ariadne Gilbert in St. Nicholas.

A Bismarck Duel.

A duel in which Bismarck was once engaged had a very amusing origin. It occurred when he was chief secretary of the Prussian legation at Frankfort. He went much into society and one Christmas attended a big ball. During the height of the festivities Bismarck's attention was directed to an exceedingly pompous individual who strutted about the room. This was M. de Clancy, a noted French duelist. Later on this important individual took part in the dance, but having omitted to leave his hat at the proper place had perforce to hold it out almost at arm's length while he danced. The spectacle tickled Bismarck immensely, and, as the Frenchman came sailing majestically along, Bismarck stepped forward and dropped a coin into the hat. A duel was one of the next day's events. Though it was with pistols Bismarck escaped unhurt, while his adversary was wounded.

Positive Proof.

A New York lawyer said in Washington of a certain exposure:

"The proof was positive—as positive as the proof against the barber.

"There was a barber who was accused of secret inebriety, but his old patrons refused to credit such a charge.

"A stanch old patron went to the man to be shaved one morning. The barber in silence began to lather him, and then suddenly seized him by the nose.

"Lathering away, the barber gripped the nose so firmly that its owner grunted in pain.

"'Here, let go my nose!'

"But the barber, still holding on tight, said as he lathered steadily on:

"'Can't! If I did I'd fall down.'"—Washington Star.

He Adored Whitaker.

Whitaker, of almanac fame, would seem to have been a better known name than that of the poet John Greenleaf Whittier. The poet was once pestered by a man who followed him to his rural retreat, declaring that he adored his works and wanted his autograph. He exhibited overwhelming enthusiasm and "Yet all the time," said Whittier, "he called me Whitaker."—London Standard.

Home Work.

"Willie, why couldn't you find the result of these examples you took home?" inquired the teacher in a sharp voice.

"Please, ma'am," replied the shaking boy, "me father says they wuz too hard for him, an' would you mind giving me a few easier ones to do?"—Woman's Home Companion.

Making Him Comfortable.

"I would box your ears," said a young lady to her stupid and tiresome admirer, "if"—

"If what?" he asked anxiously.

"If," she repeated, "I could get a box large enough for the purpose."—London Telegraph.

His Joke.

"Brown got off a great mother-in-law joke the other night."

"That so! What was it?"

"He said he was very fond of her."—Detroit Free Press.

Tempting Fate.

"Pop, what does tempting fate mean?"

"Tempting fate, my son, means wearing a high hat in snowballing time."—Judge.

Heaven never helps the man who will not act.—Sophocles.

Which Falls Quicker?

If one marble be snapped horizontally from the top of a table and another be dropped from the same height at the same instant, which reaches the floor first?

This question is sent to the Scientific American by a correspondent, and the editor of that magazine answers it as follows:

Sir Isaac Newton stated three laws of motion which from his time to the present have been universally accepted as true. The second law is, "A given force produces the same effect whether it acts upon a body at rest or in motion, whether it acts alone or together with other forces." You will see that the second part of this law covers the case of a ball dropped from a table and another ball shot horizontally from the same level at the same instant. The first ball falls by the force of gravity alone. The second ball has, as you say, two forces acting upon it. The ball obeys both forces at the same time. It falls as if gravity acted alone. It goes by the blow as if the blow acted alone. Both balls reach the floor at the same instant.

The Milk In the Cocoanut.

South Africa natives along the Orange river have a way of producing "milk," which, primitive as it is, vies in ingenuity with the method of those who believe in the synthetic production of what the journalist, hardup for a synonym, has been known to call "the lacteal fluid." After cutting the top from a cocoanut, the native places the nut over hot ashes, so that the warmth may cause the fat and "butter" contained in the husk to be absorbed by the milk. This changes the milk's quality and gives it a palatable taste. In order to deal with several nuts at a time the natives construct rough "holders" from old iron hoops. The ashes are placed under the grating and the nuts set in it. Obviously there must be no actual fire beneath the nuts or they would be burned away and the milk be lost.—Argonaut.

The Matterhorn.

Many mountains which long enjoyed a reputation of being absolutely unclimbable are now considered as almost ordinary excursions. The Matterhorn for many years repulsed men who were among the foremost mountaineers of the day. Professor Tyndall and Edward Whymper were foiled on more than a dozen occasions. But on July 15, 1865, with Lord Francis Douglas, Hudson and Hadow, Mr. Whymper eventually reached the summit, and it was in descending that the fatal slip occurred which cost the lives of his three English companions as well as of Michel Croz, one of the most competent of Swiss guides. Nowadays the peak is constantly ascended (with the help of guides) by tourists who have no pretensions to be mountaineers at all.—Dundee Advertiser.

Queerest Town In England.

The most curious town in England is Northwich. There is not a straight street nor, in fact, a straight house in the place. Every part of it has the appearance of an earthquake. Northwich is the center of the salt industry in Cheshire, England. On nearly all sides of the town are big salt works, with their engines pumping hundreds of thousands of gallons of brine every week. At a depth of some 200 or 300 feet are immense subterranean lakes of brine, and as the contents of these are pumped and pumped away the upper crust of earth is correspondingly weakened, and the result is an occasional subsidence. These subsidences have a "pulling" effect on the nearest buildings, and they are drawn all ways and give the town an extremely dissipated appearance.

Puzzling Scottish Terms.

There are many puzzling differences between Scottish and English law terms. For instance, bankruptcy is in Scotland an "act of sequestration," a solicitor is either a "writer" or a "law agent," the argument in a case is the "debate," the assize is the jury, a wrongdoer is a "delinquent," an idiot—in Scottish law—is "a fatuous person," and burglary is (with true Scottish caution) "housebreaking with an aggravation." Finally, an author is in Scotland not a person who writes, but the vender or seller of real property, from whom the title to it is derived.

Willing to Help.

Justwedd (to father-in-law)—Ahem! You remember, sir, you said that after we were married you'd assist me in furnishing a house. Father-in-Law—And so I will, my boy. Come down to the corner and I'll introduce you to a friend of mine who is in the installment business.—Boston Transcript.

Too Willing.

Old Lady (in tears, to chemist)—Will you poison my dear lit-little Fido? He's in such—such agony. Chemist (politely)—With pleasure, madam. Old Lady (indignantly)—With pleasure, you nasty, unfeeling man! Then you shan't do it!—London Answers.

Two Ways.

A woman always compliments another woman's gown. A man glances casually at a new suit of clothes and says, "Where was the fire?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

To Know Later On.

"Can you manage a typewriter?"

"Ask me in about a year. We've only been married a month."—New York Herald.

Tut, Tut.

"Not all who auto ought to," said he.

"Humph," said she; "not all who ought to auto!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

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TO THE COURT:

To what pass have matters come at the Court House? An official document is delivered to the Prothonotary, is filed by him and thereby made a part of the court records. A clerk from another office calls and withdraws the document, later returning it to the Prothonotary. The latter official on examination finds to his amazement that while the document was out of his keeping somebody has cut out a portion of a page. Clearly there is a duty confronting the court.

INSULT TO WOMANHOOD.

The principle of suffrage for women may be right or wrong. Regardless of that phase, the display of rowdyism at Washington last week when 5,000 women attempted to hold a parade is a black mark upon those who precipitated it and equally so upon those who permitted it to go on unchecked. Sad to relate is the fact that the offenders were men, not gentlemen, but men nevertheless.

While the parade was in progress the crowd in the street broke through police lines that apparently offered no resistance. Hoodlums were permitted to openly insult the women marchers. Several women on horseback were seized by the feet or ankles and dragged to the ground. Meanwhile a mob of rowdies jeered approval. The spectacle was one which caused disgust to thousands of ladies and gentlemen. Many, their finer senses shocked by the outrages, left the reviewing stands.

The Washington police, official investigation indicates, were not in sympathy with the idea of a parade. The arrangements to protect the marchers were inadequate. A squad of cavalry, placed at the command of the police, was not summoned until the police lines had given way, the mob was in full control and scores of marchers were undergoing rough treatment at the hands of men who lacked both self control and the natural desire of gentlemen to shield rather than harm a lady. Then the troops were summoned. The damage had already been done, however. The parade had been broked up.

It is to be assumed that gentlemen did not participate in the disgraceful scenes at Washington. It is also to be assumed that the Washington police should be censured for inefficiency, or more severely punished for connivance in the insults and indignities heaped upon several thousand women who are sincerely supporting and advocating a cause, be their cause right or wrong. Rowdies, or others, opposed to suffrage for women can do nothing more effective toward giving them suffrage than by committing outrages such as that which marred the opening scenes of inaugural week. Had the indignities been perpetrated on the women marchers by other women it would have been bad enough. The offenders were men, which makes matters all the worse When men so conduct themselves they furnish a good answer to the question: Why should women have the right to vote?

ONE LAW FOR ALL?

In the closing days of the present month there will be released from one of the federal prisons a man who was convicted of stealing many thousands of dollars. He was cashier of a bank and the money he stole was the money of other persons, many of whom could not afford to lose even so much as a dollar.

Several weeks ago there was released from another prison a man who as a banker had robbed and cheated scores of depositors. The money they had saved and entrusted to the care of his bank he embezzled and devoted to his own interests.

Both men had rich and powerful friends who aided in securing their release from prison cells. Without such influential assistance both would have been compelled to spend many years longer in prison before completing their sentence.

Such it seems is the fate of some at least of the rich who violate the laws, are caught and imprisoned. While wealth is at their command they stand, so it would seem, a reasonably good chance for freedom after serving a year or two behind prison bars.

Down in Atlanta, Georgia, a few days ago, a Judge decided that a 13-years-old boy, convicted of stealing a 5 cent bottle of soda water, would have to serve out the full term to which he had been sentenced. And the sentence was 11 years! Eleven years for stealing a few pennies worth of soda water. The boy has already served three years. He must serve eight years more.

The two rich bankers were released from prison because it was held that both had been sufficiently punished. In the case of the little boy who had stolen 5 cents worth of soda water the Judge held that the three years already served was not to be considered. The boy had been sentenced to 11 years in prison for his crime and to satisfy the law he would have to serve the full term.

Inequalities in meting out justice as between the poor and helpless and the rich and influential are responsible for the rapidly growing belief that there is one law for some and another law for others. The intention of the law is that all men stand as equals when they appear as violators. But how often it works out the other way!

Mrs. R. H. Colburn Dead.

Mrs. Helen Colburn, the wife of Rev. R. H. Colburn, of Munson, died Monday morning at her home in that place following an illness of about fourteen weeks. She was first taken ill with catarrhal pneumonia, other complications finally developing which resulted in her death.

The deceased was a native of Centre county, having been born at Plum Grove, and being a daughter of Joseph and Rebecca Hoover, deceased, who were honored residents of that place. In her young womanhood, 44 years ago, she was happily wedded to Rev. Richard H. Colburn, and in all the interval had faithfully shared with him the varied experiences incident to the ministerial life.

Besides her grief-stricken husband, who is so well known throughout the Central Pennsylvania. M. E. conference boundaries, having filled charges in Williamsport, Harrisburg, Altoona, Chambersburg, Lewisburg, etc., she leaves two sisters, viz: Mrs. Lucy Davidson, of Plum Grove, who tenderly ministered to her in her last days, and Mrs. Stover, of Arlington, N. J.

Her body was taken to Unionville for burial, where interment was made today.

Mrs. Ellen L. Fisher Dead.

Mrs. Ellen L. Fisher died on Sunday, last, at her late home at Milesburg following an illness of about three weeks. Her illness was precipitated by a stroke of paralysis. Funeral services were held yesterday from the late home at Milesburg. Interment was made at Pine Grove Mills. Had she lived until July, next, Mrs. Fisher would have been 71 years old. She was born in Ferguson township and was the daughter of John and Amelia Weaver. Twenty-seven years ago she was married to Ephriam Fisher and virtually all of their married life was spent near Roopsburg and at Milesburg. Surviving is one daughter, Mabel, who is married and who resides at Bellwood.

Andrew B. Davis Dead.

Andrew Brant Davis, a Pennsylvania Railroad conductor, and residing at Tyrone, died at that place on Sunday afternoon, last, from hemorrhage of the bowels. Deceased was born at Curwensville, July 15, 1872, and was a son of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Davis. At the time of his death he was conductor on the Bald Eagle Valley work train. In addition to his parents he is survived by a widow, who was formerly Miss Julia A. Moffet, of Osceola Mills, and these children: Frank, George, Maynard, Kenneth and Ruth, all of Osceola Mills. Interment was made on Wednesday at Osceola Mills.

To Open Summer School.

The Summer School at Pine Grove Mills will open on Monday, April 7th, in the High School room, and will continue for seven weeks. Special attention will be given to those who prepare for the county teachers' examination. Instruction will be given to 8th., 7th., 6th. and 5th. grade pupils.

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Tomb of Confucius.

Confucius was buried in the year 478 B. C. at his birthplace at K'ufu, near Yenchowfu. There lives at K'ufu today the seventy-fifth lineal descendant of Confucius on a large estate belonging to the descendants of the family of Confucius. The grave of Confucius, with those of his descendants of seventy-four generations, makes one of the most picturesque and one of the most unique spots in all of China. This family cemetery is encompassed in a wall eight to ten miles in circumference. The interior makes one vast grove, trees having been planted there since the burial of Confucius twenty-five centuries ago. Within a mile from the entrance to the Confucian cemetery is the Confucian temple, a set of beautiful Chinese temple buildings, with yellow glazed tile roofs amidst a grove of ancient cedars. Here we find also the ancestral hall of the descendants of Confucius. In close proximity to the Confucian temple is the home of the only surviving descendant of Confucius. This gentleman, Duke Kung, lives here in a little principality of his own.

Disguised the Smoking Rooms.

The number of smoking rooms now distributed over Windsor castle would considerably astonish Queen Victoria could she but see them. Her late majesty could never bring herself to do more than tolerate the weed in any form, and the smoking room was always relegated to a very distant part of her various residences. Nor were the guests permitted to solace themselves with a quiet smoke in their own apartments, as on their arrival they were specially warned not to do so.

So great was her majesty's disapproval of the habit that when she first proposed to visit Sandringham after King Edward, who did not share his royal mother's objection to tobacco, to say the least of it, had practically rebuilt the house, a good deal of alarm was felt as to what she would say to the number of smoking rooms. At last some one hit upon the plan of labeling them "bathrooms," which ruse succeeded admirably in dispelling her majesty's suspicions.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Caustic Repartee.

It was in a city which had risen to the dignity of having "fashionable suburbs" in which the inhabitants resented the arrival of people who "did not belong." One day there appeared in the community a woman who had lots of money and a fine and ornamental lack of tact in dealing with her neighbors. She called and called and called on the women in the suburb which was "fashionable," and, strange to relate, she could never find them in.

One woman particularly disliked her and was never to be seen. At last the newcomer met the one who had avoided her in such marked manner.

"My dear," said the avoider, "it is such a pity that when you call I am always out—always."

Responded she who had been snubbed:

"Out of your home or your head?"—Popular Magazine.

Fighting Geese.

In Russia pits for cock fighting are unknown, but "goose pits" some sixty years ago were common throughout that mighty kingdom. The effect of this can be seen today in the geese which are indigenous to the country, the Arsamas and the Tula varieties particularly showing to a marked degree the fighting qualities of their ancestors. The Arsamas gander has a bill which is entirely different in form from that of the geese known in any other part of the world. This special structure enables the bird to take a firm grip on the neck or back of its antagonist.

Proved His Contention.

The mother was at the zoo with her little boy, and the boy said, "Mother, come and see the dangeroos."

The mother corrected him, saying, "Not dangeroos, dear—kangaroos."

"No, mother, dear," said the boy; "they are dangeroos. Come and I'll show you."

He led his mother to where there was this notice on the cage of some animals, "These Animals Are Dangerous."—London P. I. P.

A Good Pair.

"I'm going to name the girl Flora," said the new mother to her newly engaged housekeeper, "but I can't think of a name for the boy."

"Why don't you name him 'Fauna, mum?' she suggested. "I see them two names go together quite often mum!"—New York World.

Just a Spill.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the awkward waiter, "but was that last meal on you?"

"Not all of it, garcon," replied the guest as he meekly rubbed his much spattered trousers; "only the soup."—Pittsburgh Press.

His Awful Threat.

Mother—Why did you not scream when Hans kissed you? Daughter—He threatened me. Mother—How? Daughter—He said if I did he'd never kiss me again.—Meggendorfer Blatter

Foreign Polish.

"She says she went abroad to finish her education. I wonder if she learned much."

"She told me she had six new ways to fix her hair."—Judge.

Sharp Boy.

"Now," asked a music teacher, "what is the note above F?" "F sharp." "Yes, and the note below F?" "F blunt."

EVANGELICAL APPOINTMENTS

Conference at Lewisburg Assigns Pastors For Central District.

The assignment of pastors to the several charges constituted the most interesting feature of the Central Pennsylvania Conference of the United Evangelical Church, held this week at Lewisburg. Assignments of ministers for churches in this section were as follows:

H. A. Benfer, Presiding Elder, Centre District.

Altoona—D. F. Young.
Bellwood—L. C. Cooper.
Bellefonte—A. F. Weaver.
Burnham—A. C. Price.
Centre Hall—F. H. Foss.
Centreville—O. W. Frey.
Howard—M. J. Snyder.
Juniata—W. E. Peffley.
Lewistown—First Church, J. C. Reeser.
Lewistown—Trinity, George Joseph.
Liverpool—K. S. Daubert.
Millheim—W. J. Dice.
Mexico—J. M. Price.
Millmont—N. J. Dubs.
Middleburg—S. A. Snyder.
McClure—C. S. Messner.
Mifflin—H. W. Buck, Jr.
Newport—E. Fulcomer.
Nittany—D. A. Ertel.
Port Treverton—B. F. Keller.
Rebersburg—J. F. Bingaman.
Spring Mills—John M. Price.
Winfield—George S. Albright.
Hummels Wharf—To be supplied.

Members of quarterly conference—Bishop U. F. Swengel, Lewistown, First Church; S. W. Seibert, Newport; E. L. Kessler, Millheim; J. D. Leister, Mexico.

Other appointments made included Rev. E. Crumbling, at Lock Haven; Rev. C. J. Dick, Lock Haven Mission; Rev. James A. Shultz, Liberty, and Rev. J. H. Fleckenstem, Avis.

A committee of five, composed of Bishop U. F. Swengel; Dr. J. F. Dunlap, president of Albright College; Dr. H. A. Benfer, the Rev. J. W. Thompson and the Rev. A. F. Welch, was appointed by the Conference to wait upon President Wilson and urge that he embody in his message to congress the enactment of laws looking to national prohibition.

G. A. R. Post Makes Appeal.

A special committee of Gregg Post, No. 95, G. A. R., has issued the following appeal which is addressed to "Comrades of the G. A. R. and members of Post 95":

"The Committee of Gregg Post No. 95 having in charge the financial management of Post 95, find it absolutely necessary to make this appeal to members of the Post. Membership in any Post prescribes certain rules and regulations, and entails various obligations on the members thereof.

"We regret to say that many members of Gregg Post are not observing these obligations, thereby making the burden of sustaining the Post a heavy one for those who never falter in their loyality to the Post, and to all the glorious and honorable traditions of the Grand Army of the Republic.

"Comrades, we trust your pride in the achievements on tented field and bloody battle ground of that great Army of which we are but a remnant, will prompt you to a fuller realization of what is due to yourselves, as well as to the Comrades of the Post who are struggling to uphold the honor of the G. A. R.

"Do not forget that only those who served their country during the dark days, from 1861 to 1865, are eligible to membership in the G. A. R.

"Comrades, the hand of time has traced the lines of half a century upon our brows since Appomattox, and many have answered the last roll call since then, but as we stood then shoulder to shoulder, let us, as long as two remain, to "speak of deeds that else were silent save on marble," maintain our allegiance to the Grand Army of the Republic.

"In conclusion we call attention of the Comrades to Article 3, Section 4 of the By-laws of Post 95. Comrades, renew, and keep up your connection with the Post. Yours in F. C. & L.

"COMMITTEE."

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss
Lucas County,

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY,
Notary Public.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON,

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonial free.

F. J. CHENEY CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, Price 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Daniel Sloteman Injured.

Daniel Sloteman, of Pleasant Gap, woods foreman for Huyett-McNitt lumber Company at Waddle, was badly hurt in a runaway accident near Scotia. He was thrown out of a buggy and rendered helpless and it was some time before he was found.

Read "The Republican" one dollar in advance.

12 LICENSES GRANTED

(Continued from first page)

applicants. Counsel for the remonstrants admitted that there was no ground on which the Court could refuse license to the Philipsburg Brewing Company, but argued that we could arbitrarily refuse any or all of the other applications. His witnesses do not object to the applications on legal grounds, but base their objections principally, if not wholly, on the fact that they are opposed personally to the license system—one or two witnesses going so far as to aver in their testimony that if any license is granted they saw no reason why all should not be granted. This last frank expression on the part of some witnesses would seem to be virtually the opinion of practically all the witnesses on behalf of the remonstrants. While we respect such a position politically, and while each citizen has a perfect right to advocate local option or prohibition and to so vote at the polls, as the law is now constituted such arguments cannot have any weight in a court of justice. Legal rights and property values must be disposed of in accordance with the law as it is now constituted, nor can we allow ourselves to destroy the property values and deny the citizen his legal rights except upon evidence properly submitted.

"We have no doubt that the public houser of Philipsburg can and ought to be improved, and we propose to insist upon this being done, nor will we renew licenses hereafter where proper evidence is produced showing the unfitness of the applicant or the poor physical condition of the house. To illustrate, we are not satisfied with the past management of the Potter House. The applicant now before us is a stranger, though well recommended, and we now give him notice that we will require marked improvement in the management of the hotel over that of his predecessor, nor will we continue to grant any one a license for the Potter House hereafter unless the building in the meantime is very much improved by its owners.

"In conclusion, we think that the only matter of merit urged upon us by the remonstrants is that the traveling public does not require as many hotels as now being licensed but, as we are left entirely without testimony upon that subject, we are compelled to practically grope our way. We have determined to reduce the number by one for the purpose of seeing the effect upon the remaining houses. The Court's disposition of the several applications will be endorsed respectively thereon. By the Court.

Attest: "ELLIS L. ORVIS, P. J."
D. R. FOREMAN, Clerk.

The licenses granted were as follows:

Jesse R. Clifford, Potter House.
W. J. Rapsey, Continental Hotel.
Frank McClure, Ramsdal House.
Albert Fasshauer, Passmore House.
Harry Washburn, St. James Hotel.
Samuel Rodgers, Coal Exchange Hotel.
O'Brien & Bowser, Hugg House.
Grebe Bros. & Crago, Hotel Sheffer.
Orin Vail, George Parks and James Black, wholesalers.
Philipsburg Brewing Co., brewers.

Center County Y. M. C. A.

The work of the County Committee of the Young Men's Christian Associations of Center County is progressing in a most gratifying manner. Harold R. Austin, of State College, Class of 1913, has been appointed County Secretary and the way he is already taking hold of his work speaks well for the future of the enterprise. Effective programs are in operation at Lemont, Pine Grove Mills and Boalsburg. The point of contact in each of these communities has been the school. The boys are meeting weekly for Bible study, following the course "Men Who Dared", a study of Old Testament heroes. The other features of the program are varied from week to week in accordance with the leadership which can be made available.

The boys are very much interested in their work and the demand for organization in other towns is spreading rapidly. Plans are now being matured for county-wide Corn Growing and Athletic Contests. The Committee is also planning a number of community surveys and religious censuses, similar to that made some weeks ago at Milesburg, in order that any program proposed may be firmly rooted in a clear understanding of actual facts in the life of each community.

The following are the men who are giving executive direction to this new enterprise for the men and boys of Center County: Prof. Thomas I. Mairs, State College, Chairman; J. Will Mayes, Howard, Vice-Chairman; Wayne B. Thompson, Lemont, Recording Secretary; David F. Kapp, State College, Treasurer; also Dean R. L. Watts, State College, C. L. Gramley Rebersburg; Dr. G. S. Frank and A. Walter, Millheim; F. H. Clemson, Stormstown; D. H. Way, Port Matilda; John F. Holt, Unionville; Oscar E. Miles, Milesburg, Prof. Jonas E. Wagner and Jamer H. Potter, Bellefonte; D. W. Miller, Pine Grove Mills and John H. Neiedigh, Pine Hall.

This work is under the general supervision of the County Work Department of the State Young Men's Christian Association, W. J. Campbell, Secretary, Calder Building, Harrisbug, Pa.

Makes Home Baking Easy

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

NO ALUM, NO LIME PHOSPHATE

Scotland's "Daft Days."

So hilarious were the old ceremonies of welcoming the new year in Scotland that Dec. 31 and Jan. 1 won for themselves the designation of "the daft days." Temperance legislation has done much in recent years to moderate and refine the festivities, which still, however, assume extensive and exuberant proportions. Only a few years ago a writer in the London Chronicle in Edinburgh on New Year's eve saw the "Black Maria" perambulating the streets and picking up the hopelessly drunken persons from the pavements and doorsteps for conveyance to the police station.

It was formerly the custom in Ireland and Wales to carry a lantern tastefully decorated with ribbons and containing a wren, round each hamlet and village on New Year's day and make calls on dwellers in cottage and hall. The bearers, swinging the lantern at each door, would favor all whom it might concern with a song and receive a monetary reward.

The Old Time Stagecoach.

In 1762 there were, strange as it seems, only six stagecoaches running in all England, and of course these were the only public vehicles for travelers. Even these were a novelty, and a person named John Crosset thought they were such a dangerous innovation that he wrote a pamphlet against them.

"These coaches," he wrote, "make gentlemen come to London upon every small occasion, which otherwise they would not do except upon urgent necessity. Nay, the conveniency of the passage makes their wives come often up, who rather than come such long journeys on horseback would stay at home. Then when they come to town they must be in the wade, get fine clothes, go to plays and treats and by these means get such a habit of idleness and love of pleasure that they are uneasy after."

Roast Pig In Servia.

The favorite dish of the Servians, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine, consists of a lamb or sucking pig roasted whole over ashes. A pit is first dug and filled with wood—vine branches for choice, as they give the best flavor—and the fire is then allowed to burn for several hours. The carcass is next impaled with a stout stick and slowly turned round and round over the embers. The result, after six hours' turning, is a very luscious meal, for all the gravy is kept in and the meat is unusually tender. No picnic in Servia is considered complete without this delicacy. A story goes that on one of his campaigns Napoleon noticed a group of Servian soldiers cooking meat in this way, whereupon he came up, inquired what they were doing, tasted the meat and was delighted with it.

The Pitt Diamond.

A historical diamond is the Regent or Pitt diamond. In weight it is 136¾ carats, and in clearness it is unrivaled. Its form is nearly perfect, its diameter and depth being almost equal. It was found in India and brought to England by Mr. Pitt, grandfather of the famous Earl of Chatham, and sold by him to the Duc d'Orleans for £130,000. It afterward decorated the royal crown of France, and Napoleon used it to ornament the hilt of his sword.

New York's First Street Cleaner.

The Dutch housewives of old New York, ever noted for their housekeeping qualities, created the agitation which resulted in the appointment of the first public street cleaner in New York in 1692. He was Laurens Van der Speigle, a baker. His daughter married Rip Van Dam, who afterward became governor of New York, an illustration of the democracy of that day.

His Philosophy.

Employer—I see you've collected a lot of small accounts, but you haven't made much headway with the bigger ones. Collector—No, sir; I generally make it a rule to—h'm—follow along the line of least resistance.—Chicago Tribune.

There Are Cooks and Cooks.

A lady correspondent remarks cynically that many a man who would hesitate to make a wife of his cook is quite ready to make a cook of his wife.—London Standard.

He who would rest must work.—Italian Proverb

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

Rev. James E. Dunning, pastor of the Methodist church, left Tuesday for the annual sessions of conference in Altoona.

Rev. M. J. Snyder has been returned to the Howard charge of the Evangelical church for another year.

Cameron Holter returned to Howard from Columbus, Ohio, Monday evening for a short rest and vacation.

County Superintendent D. O. Etters visited the public schools here on Wednesday.

The correspondent is glad to note an improvement in the condition of William Wagner.

Balser Weber was a business visitor to Lock Haven on Tuesday.

Miss Elfreida Confer is visiting her sister in Portland, N. H.

Roy Brandon, of Bellefonte, agent for the Oliver Typewriter was a business visitor in town on Friday.

Jefferson McCallion is able to be about again after being laid up for some time with a stroke.

The Presbyterian congregation held tneir quarterly meeting today at the home of Mrs. John Holmes.

Mrs. I. D. Jordon was a visitor in Lock Haven on Wednesday.

J. Kennedy Johnston, of Bellefonte, was a visitor in town Wednesday.

Captain H. C. Holter is spending a week with friends in WilkesBarre.

Rev. and Mrs. James E. Dunning are receiving congratulations upon the advent of a daughter to the parsonage on Sunday.

The statement of the tri-ennial assessment as advertised in the county papers shows an interesting sidelight on the high cost of living and drift toward poverty in Howard. It shows that only 21 cows are owned by residents of the borough while the same number of taxables are possessor of 38 dogs, not counting those that might have escaped (?) the assessor's notice.

Grove Brothers Post No. 262 Sons of Veterans held their first annual banquet in the public school building on Saturday evening last. About 125 persons were present to enjoy the feast and entertainment of the evening. Rev. Zechman and Rev. Dunning spoke for the good of the order and the distinction of being eligible to membership in an order whose fathers and grandfathers fought for the preservation of the Union. During the past year the membership increased 35 n number.

For Sale.

Good house in Howard Boro, well located, nine rooms, brick cased, slate roofed building, oak and cypress finish. Bath, hot and cold water, electric light and hot water heat. One of the finest homes in Howard. Reasonable.

G. L. Williams.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes.

One size smaller by using Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for swollen tender, aching feet. It makes walking a delight, relieves corns and bunions of all pain, and gives rest and comfort. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Pine Grove Mills.

The robins and blue birds are dipping their wings.

Henry Musser is ill with an attack of quinzy.

Harold Wright, a motorman at Juniata, greeted old friends here recently.

Farmer George Potter and family, of Centre Hall, passed through here some days ago, enroute to Stone valley where they visited with friends.

Mrs. Kate Bailey, Mrs. W. S. Tate, George Behrers and D. W. Miller have been among the sick but are much improved now.

Our tonsorial friend, Frank Smith, was recently awarded the rural mail route from here to State College, to take effect July 1st. The mail will be in safe hands.

Samuel Bowmaster will flit to the Dorsey Green farm, and Charley Lytle to the Mattern farm near Scotia.

That famous bird the stork was liberal last week, leaving twins on Monday at the home of Orvis Smeltzer. The little boy and girl and also the mother are doing nicely.

Samuel Cramer has bought the Mrs. Myers farm near Linden Hall, to occupy it April 1st.

Mrs. D. C. Krebs and Mrs. W. C. Patterson one day last week called on Mrs. Sallie Fortney, on Main Street, where she is recovering from her broken hip.

The Everhart mansion on the Branch is nearing completion Charley Segner is handling the paint brush and when the place is finished it will be one of the cosiest and most complete homes in that section.

Pine Grove friends of Rev. Henry I. Stahr, who was principal of the schools here in 1901-2, will be interested to learn that his engagement to Miss Alice W. Stockwell, of Boston, has been announced. The wedding will take place in the near future. Mr. Stahr is now pastor of the Faith Reformed Church, at Reading and is meeting with gratifying success.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mothersbaugh have returned from their honeymoon trip and were honored with a royal reception at the L. Mothersbaugh home, on Sunny-side, where the young couple will reside.

On Tuesday of last week Adam Bloom and N. C. Neidigh nearly gave the undertaker a job. While at the watering trough the horse frightened and started off on the fly, leaping several fences and only being stopped when it tried to pass between two buildings. The rig was shattered and the occupants badly shaken up.

W. R. Dale, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis in the Bellefonte hospital, is convalescing nicely and his recovery seems assured.

The venerable C. D. Miller, one of the oldest men of West Ferguson township, is ill with pulmonary trouble.

On Monday of last week the mail man was burdened down with an apron and trinket shower for Mrs. N. C. Neidigh, reminding her of her 48th birthday anniversary. Some of the remembrances came from the Hoosier State. Many of her friends and neighbors dropped in to spend the evening and all had a most enjoyable time. Refreshments were served and at a seasonable hour the visitors departed for their respective homes, wishing Mrs. Neidigh many more equally happy occasions.

The lion and the lamb lie down together—nice March weather.

Ed. Irvin, of Altoona, spent last week with friends hereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Hess took a spin and spent Sunday at the G. W. McWilliams home.

Before medical aid could be had, N. C. Dreibelbis lost his best horse last Thursday night.

W. E. McWilliams, our genial R. F. D. man, is laid up with lumbago.

C. J. Houser, a student at Franklin & Marshall college, was here last week at the home of Dr. and Mrs. L. M. Houser.

Mrs. Susan Adams, of Indiana, is visiting at the home of her youth in the Glades, spending most of her time at the McCracken home. She is looking well.

Mrs. Sadie Everts left on Monday for New York, where she will spend a week viewing the very latest fashions in ladies' headgear preparatory to stocking up for her extensive spring trade.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Burkett, of Stormstown, spent the Sabbath at the Peterson home at Baileyville.

Robert Reed was a Franklinville visitor last week, at the Ben Everhart place.

W. K. Corl is housed up with an attack of lumbago.

A. F. Lauck last week flitted to the C. M. Johnson farm to aid the latter till the soil.

Mrs. Myra Miller, of Altoona, spent last week with her parents at Baileyville, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Miller, both of whom are in feeble health.

Mrs. J. H. Bailey, who last Tuesday went to the Bellefonte hospital to undergo an operation for the removal of a tumorous growth, is convalescing nicely.

William R. Dale, who two weeks ago underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Bellefonte hospital, is now on a fair way to recovery.

Harry N. Koch transacted business at Watsontown last week.

Rev. and Mrs. S. J. Pittinger are attending the M. E. Conference at Altoona.

Miss Edith Sparr, of Wilkinsburg, is visiting friends in the valley.

Mrs. I. L. Burwell and daughter, Viola, and Miss Edna Ward spent Sunday with friends at Tyrone.

Mrs. W. S. Ward is on the sick list.

Among our teachers who will be enrolled at Lock Haven Normal are Miss Edith Dunlap, Miss Edna Ward, Miss Viola Burwell, Miss Grace Elder and Wilbur Dunlap.

Darius Hite, assistant postmaster at Lemont, was a passenger West on Tuesday, enroute to Altoona to visit his sister, who is very ill.

A. D. Albert and his interesting family will consider our hat doffed for the hospitality shown us white their guest at Washington on the occasion of the inauguration last week.

Mrs. George Kustaborder, of Warriors-Mark, spent last week at the Henry Houck home, West of town.

Norman Dale, of State College, spent Sunday with his friend, A. F. Fry, at Fairbrook.

Quite an elaborate program is being arranged for Easter services to be held at Baileyville church, when the Rev. R. M. Campbell will deliver an appropriate address.

Mrs. John Shank, of WarriorsMark, spent spent several days at Rock Springs recently and lent a helping hand to her uncle, C. D. Miller, in the last hours of his illness.

Mt. Eagle.

The trains are now running regularly over the State road subway, and the switch is being completed.

Miss Florence Leathers on Tuesday evening of last week entertained her Sunday school class at supper. There were eight girls and four boys present.

Cyrus Deitz, of Danville, who had been spending a couple of weeks with friends, left for his home on Monday.

Mr. Miley, of Altoona, and Mr. Lovel, supervisors of the Bald Eagle Valley Railroad, had dinner with J. R. Pheasant one day last week.

E. H. Leathers was a visitor to Huntingdon County last Friday to buy a car oad of hickory wood.

A crew of men have been busy of late raising the old railroad track through Mt. Eagle. One of the Italians on the jod had his leg broken by a falling rail.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Deitz spent Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. Albert Aikey, at Bellwood.

Mrs. William Gates recently spent a day with friends at Curtin.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Beatty enjoyed their Sunday dinner at the home of the latter's brother, Justice Leathers.

Lloyd Shank, who is employed with the concreting gang at Tyrone, visited here with his sister, Mrs. Will Robinson.

The robins have returned and are singing merrily.

Owing to absence of your scribe there will be no Mt. Eagle letter next week.

Blanchard.

Mrs. Matilda Gardner, who was threatened with pleurisy, is again able to be about.

Mr. Heaton has been attending the revival meetings at Milesburg. The meetings are well attended, with 50 persons forward up to the present time.

Mrs. Sarah Rothrock, who has been quite ill for several weeks, is again able to be about and attend to her duties.

J. E. Foresman, of Howard, visited at Blanchard on Sunday.

Mrs. DeLong and daughter, Carrie, were guests at Samuel Gardner's, at Beech Creek, on Wednesday.

Miss Clara Council, who was operated on for appendicitis at the Lock Haven hospital, returned to her home here last Monday.

Mrs. Laura Bechdel on Monday returned to her school at Hannah, after a week's attendance upon her sister, Mrs. Rothrock, during the latter's illness.

A cottage prayer meeting was held on Sunday by the Baptist minister and members of the church at the home of Mrs. Hanly, who is unable to attend church services owing to illness.

Just when curiosity as to his probable plans was at the top notch Jacob Basinger, recently granted a license for the Beech Creek hotel, put in his appearance on Thursday of last week. At about the same time there arrived a car load of furniture for his hotel. The work of hauling the goods to the hotel was quickly disposed of and Mr. Basinger is now busily engaged in putting the hotel in shape to open for business on April 1st.

On Wednesday of last week Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Gardner, of Beech Creek, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. They were recipients of many messages of good will and quite a few gifts, some of which were in gold. They have a host of admiring friends who wish them many more equally happy birthday anniversaries. Charles Gardner, of Buffalo, N. Y., and David M. Packer, of Westmoreland County, were among those present for the occasion.

James M. DeHaas, of Beech Creek, was painfully injured on Monday of last week, being struck below the left ear by the tongue of a hay baler. The baler was being hauled into the barn when one of the front wheels struck some obstruction and caused the tongue to fly around with considerable force. Fortunately for Mr. DeHaas he escaped without any bones being broken.

Port Matilda.

Mrs. Margaret Sharer, who had been ill for sometime, died Monday noon.

Mr. C. R. Richards and wife spent a few days in Altoona, at the home of H. A. McKinney.

Frank Martin, of Denver, Col., visited at S. S. Miles' last week.

Samuel Osman and sister, Lillian, made a business trip to Tyrone last Thursday.

Miss Margaret Cox visited on Monday with Miss Ethel Crain.

Misses Florence and Mabel Williams left last Thursday for Altoona, to visit their sisters during Conference.

Misses Gertrude Showers and Eva Leitzel, of Bellefonte, visited the latter's grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Lytle, Sunday.

Miss Hannah Thompson, of Unionville, was here representing the Presbyterian church of that place at the Congregational meeting on Saturday afternoon.

Rev. Tonz, of Block Island, preached in the Baptist church Sunday morning and delivered a lecture on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. A. W. Reese visited her daughter, Mrs. G. C. Woodring, of Tyrone, last Tuesday, and then accompanied by Mrs. J. M. Williams of this place, made a visit with her son Paul, at Birmingham.

Mrs. Woomer, of Bald Eagle, with her daughter and granddaughter, spent Sunday with W. E. Williams'.

Last Thursday the friends of Mrs. Blowers Woodring gathered at her home and gave her a very pleasant surprise in honor of her birthday. The guests numbering about fifty-two, were conveyed to the farm in a hay wagon by Mr. Woodring. After enjoying a pleasant day and a sumptuous dinner, they returned to their homes, wishing Mrs. Woodring many more happy birthdays.

Misses Leora Harshberger and Ruth Cowher spent Saturday and Sunday at Rev. W. H. Williams' at Blandburg. We would like to know what the attraction is. Give an account of yourselves, girls, or we may form a wrong opinion.

Fine Furniture Display.

N. L. Dale &. Co., have an especially fine display of furniture at their well known store at Pine Grove Mills. They are well known dealers and to meet the demands of their rapidly growing trade they have placed in stock everything one could wish for in the line of furniture. Aside from the fact that the quality of the goods is unexcelled, an important feature is that the prices are remarkably low, making the store one where persons may purchase furniture to good advantage. The proprietors make a specialty of repairs to all kinds of furniture. A visit to their store will be found to be well worth while.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin"

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" is proving, as it always has been, a powerful magnet to draw capacity houses along the line. There is no doubt that the play marks an advance in the development of the American idea of the drama, and as a medium for unfolding the comprehensive abilities of the splendid cast, it is simply great. At Garman's Opera House, Friday night, March 14. Prices 25, 35 and 50 cents.

Many Children are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Break up colds in 24 hours, relieve feverishness, headache, stomach troubles, teething disorders, and destroy worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

GOLD FISH FREE

This Week (if they are not all disposed of by that time) see them in our window—

A two quart Aquarium and two gold fish with every 50 cent cash purchase of any of the following preparations—One package of "Fish Food", "Armstrong's Croup Ointment", "Cherry Bark Cough Syrup", "Rexall Tooth Paste", "Rexall Liver Pills", "Kidney Pills" or "Blood Pills—

This offer will only last for a short time.

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The Rexall Store

At This Time of Year.

You are liable to feel all run down, your kidneys and liver inactive, or your system may be full of Uric Acid, thereby causing rheumatism, etc. All these troubles can be quickly relieved and permanently cured by taking the old and unequalled remedy SEVEN BARKS. Price 50 cents. Your druggist keeps it, or can get it for you, or write to the manufacturer, Lyman Brown, 68 Murry St., New York City.

Auditors' Notice.

Orphans Court of Centre County. In the matter of the Estate of Samuel Weiser, late of Millheim Borough, Centre Co., Pa.

The undersigned, an auditor, appointed by said Court to make distribution of the balance in the hands of the Accountant to and amongst those legally entitled to receive the same, will meet all parties interested at his office in Temple Court, Bellefonte, Pa., at ten o'clock, A. M., on Friday, April 11th, 1913, when and where all parties in interest are required to present and prove their claims or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

J. THOMAS MITCHELL,
Auditor.

Read "The Republican $1 a year in advance.

FOR THE FARM

Spraying time is almost here. Are you going to spray. It will give you good returns. We have **Small** and **Barrel Sprayers**, also spray material.

Or you may have in mind a manure spreader. We represent the **New Idea Manure Spreader.** You can try one and know it is the best before you settle for it. We sell the **Wiard Plow,** both walking and reversible sulkey plows.

Spring and Spike-tooth **Harrows** and Evans two-row **Corn Planters,** with double disks, furrow openers and fertilizer attachments complete, also single disk harrows and land rollers, grain drills and metal hog and poultry troughs

A full line of poultry grit, flax seed meal and farm seeds. **Brookville Wagons,** all sizes. **Gasoline Engines.** Nova Scotia land plaster, nitrate of soda, potash and fertilizers carried in stock. In fact--everything for the farm. Just now we have

A FEW BARGAINS

Are you looking for bargains? Come in and look us over. It may be to your interest.

JOHN G. DUBBS,

BELLEFONTE - - - PA.

Penny-A-Word Column.

For Rent—Farm. Inquire of James I. Thompson, Lemont, Pa.

Wanted—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son. Bellefonte, Pa.,

Wanted—Sober industrious young man to do dairy work. Park View Dairy, Osceola Mills, Pa.

For Sale—Single house and lot on WillowBank Street. Inquire Mrs. S. E. Saterfield, Bishop, Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

For Sale—1912 Indian motor cycle; 7-h. p. twin; good condition; price reasonable. Inquire Henry T. Noll, Pleasant Gap, Pa.

Farm For Sale or Rent—One and one-fourth miles West of Unionville, on along Tyrone Road. Inquire of B. W. Shipley, Fleming, Pa. 1-9-4t.

For Rent—One good house. Three offices, steam heated in Exchange Building. Storage rooms.

F. W. Crider.

Agents—Either sex, to distribute free packages Perfumed Laundry Starch. Good pay. All or spare time. No money needed. Department P. 7, 3422 Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Wanted—Reliable, energetic man to sell Lubricating oils, greases and paints in Centre and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission. Stetson Oil Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

For Sale—Black mare, six years old; weight about 900; drive single or double; good under saddle.

T. F. Lons,
Bellefonte, R. F. D. No. 2.

LOOK!

HERE'S A BARGAIN IN MACHINERY

1 Second-Hand 25-horse power steam engine; mounted on boiler; in first class condition; sell cheap.

1 Second-hand 2-horse power gasoline engine; first class condition.

Garbrick Bros.

Opposite Big Spring
Commercial Phone—Bell Phone, 2075.
Bellefonte, - - - Pa.

Styleplus Clothes $17

Your Pleasant Surprise

Come in and let us show you our spring line of STYLE-PLUS CLOTHES $17. As you know clothing values, these clothes have an entirely new standard. They are all-wool materials, hand-tailored, guaranteed for service, fit, style and comfort, all for $17. This is because the largest clothing organization in the world chose to specialize on the production of the best suit of clothes for average American men at the lowest price consisteut with high quality.

Your own good judgment will tell you whether our claims are just talk or real facts. One of our salesmen will not hang on to you if you are not convinced at firstsight.

CLASTER'S

BELLEFONTE - - - - - - - PA.

REBUILT CARS ON EASY PAYMENTS

$200 to $900

Guaranteed for One Year

$50 down and balance in monthly payments will buy any car under our future delivery plan. Ask about it.

Touring Cars, Roadsters, Runabouts, Trucks

65 page illustrated catalogue showing these cars, free

Craig-Centre Auto Co., Inc.

Largest Dealers of High Grade used cars

Craig Street at Centre Avenue Pittsburgh, Pa.

Agents wanted everywhere

DREER'S Seeds Plants Bulbs

The seeds you sow make your garden a success—or a failure.

• With Dreer's Dependable Seeds you are assured of success, because they are the result of seventy-five years of experimenting and testing by experts. Only what experience has proved to be the *best* are offered.

Dreer's Diamond Jubilee Garden Book for 1913 contains cultural articles written by experts. It lists every dependable flower and vegetable, has 288 pages with photo-reproductions on every page, four beautiful color plates and six duotone plates.

write for a Copy—free

Henry A. Dreer, 714 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

A REAL WALLINGFORD

Would-be Road Builder Left Many Victims to Remember Him.

Persons who have read and enjoyed the interesting "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" stories may have concluded that such an adept scoundrel could work his games only in the imagination of the author, but down about Lewisburg there are many who know to their sorrow that the Wallingfords do not appear alone inside the covers of magazines. For a Wallingford in the flesh loomed up in that section and easily roped in a number of well known residents.

The clever swindler gave his name as George Myers, of Berwick, and claimed to have a contract to build eight miles of state road from Laurelton to Woodward. He skipped out last Saturday, after he had tricked a number of persons, including County Commissioner D. R. Pursley, securing funds from them.

Upon his arrival at Laurelton about two weeks ago he began to make big contracts, and flashed two drafts aggregating $32,000, one on a Hollidaysburg bank for $21,000 and another on a Jersey Shore bank for $11,000.

He said he had just completed a state road at Oak Grove, where he had a gang of 200 Italians, 75 head of horses and his road building implements, which he would transfer to Laurelton just as soon as he could build a barn and arrange for the housing of his men. He secured from K. Reish, of Mifflinburg, 12,000 feet of lumber, a car of coal from J. J. Showalter, and tools, shovels, nails, shirts, shoes and 100 rolls of building paper from County Commissioner Pursley, who conducts a store at Laurelton, all on contract without pay.

Twenty men were hired and put to work erecting the barn, and all of the materials he contracted for were delivered to the barn site.

In company with James Pursley, he drove to Freeburg to attend a horse sale, and being short of funds borrowed $30 from Pursley. He later purchased a horse from Harvey Barber, of Mifflinburg, for $175.00 paying him.

In order to complete his well planned scheme he had Commissioner Pursley accompany him to Mifflinburg, where he entered the two drafts with the Farmers Bank for collection.

Claiming he had left his eye glasses in his trunk at Oak Grove he had Commissioner Pursley attend to his correspondence. One letter written by Pursley was to Frank Lamp, at Oak Grove, said to be Myers' manager, asking him to ship his trunk, stone crusher and engine, but to keep the horses and 200 Italians there until the barn was completed, which would be in about ten days, as a gang of men were rapidly erecting the structure.

Cashier Harry Wolf, of the Mifflinburg Bank, telephoned the two banks on which the drafts were made payable, and learned that it was a case of fraud, the check given to Barber for the horse was protested, too, so the residents of Laurelton were advised, but Myers a shrewd German, claimed his manager must have made a mistake, and had Pursley write another letter for him. Realizing that his pranks were discovered Myers said he was going to Mifflinburg to see the bankers, but he skipped out.

The twenty workingmen, who had been laboring for ten days, have attached the 12,000 feet of lumber, car of coal and implements purchased from Commissioner Pursley for their pay. Myers secured in loans from D. R. Pursley, Landlord Rokenbrod, James Pursley and others about $300 in cash, besides a lot of building materials and implements which were carted away by his accomplices.

All of his victims, from whom he borrowed money, were easy, as each one of them had a contract to furnish supplies for the feeding of his men and horses, while others were made bosses over gangs of Italians at fat salaries.

Mrs. Mary M. Krebs Dead.

Mrs. Mary Magdalene, relict of the late Henry Krebs, died from pulmonary trouble after a brief illness at the home of Barbara Krebs, at Rock Springs, in her 86th year. She was best known as Grandmother Mollie Krebs and was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Duck, pioneer settlers on the Branch, where she was born. In her youth she became a member of the Lutheran church of Pine Grove Mills and remained steadfast in its faith till the end of her days. She was a woman of retiring disposition but she had many warm friends. In the autumn of 1856 she was married to Henry Krebs, the ceremony being the first the writer ever witnessed. Surviving the deceased are one brother, Adam Duck, of Bald Eagle Furnace, and two sons, Frank B. and D. H. Krebs, of Pine Grove Mills, and two daughters, Lizzie, of Altoona, and Mrs. Kate Sasserman, of Kansas. Burial was made on February 28th, at 2 P. M., by the side of her husband, who preceded her to the grave nine years ago. Rev. L. S. Spangler officiated.

Boston ViehdorferDead.

Boston Viehdorfer, at one time a resident of Philipsburg, died at his late home at Lewistown on Tuesday of last week, aged 68 years. He was born in Germany but lived the greater part of his life in Centre County. He was a a Civil war veteran. Interment was made at Gillintown.

A DIPLOMATIC EPISODE

It Occurred In Connection With the War Between the States

By HUDSON E. EASTON

Everybody who knows anything of the diplomatic history attending our internal war knows that Napoleon III. endeavored to induce England to join him in intervening and putting an end to the struggle by a division of the states. It is equally well known that the czar of Russia, not content with neutrality, said to the ambassador of France, "Tell your master that if he interferes in the American civil war I will strike him." At the same time he showed his readiness to stand by the federal government by sending a fleet to New York.

This is history, or rather a synopsis of the diplomatic history of that time. But in diplomacy, while the results come out, the moves on the chess board that go to make a game usually remain secret. True, now and again some one of these moves leaks out, but it never bears the official stamp of truth. The following episode is a case in point:

One day the American minister in St. Petersburg called an official of the embassy into his private office and said to him:

"I have just come from an audience with the czar. He has told me that he has sent word to the emperor of France that he will not permit the dismemberment of the American republic by European interference. But the czar fears that Napoleon will induce England to join him in intervening before the latter learns of the czar's position. England once committed cannot well withdraw, and England and France together will be too strong for Russia, especially as the matter would be fought out on the water. It is of vital importance that the British government be at once advised of the czar's position, and I wish you to carry an official communication to that effect. I warn you that that fox, Napoleon, has the best spy system in the world, and it exists right here in St. Petersburg as it does in Paris. The French ambassador will endeavor to keep the English government in ignorance of the czar's stand as long as possible, so that her master may make an English alliance for the purpose of intervention before the czar's intention is known in Downing street.

"We are watched by French spies. Our mail in going through the Russian post is watched by Russian officials in the pay of the French ambassador. There is no avenue that is not spied upon. Your going will be known, and only the most unceasing vigilance will enable you to get to London with your message. If possible do not sleep on the way unless you are guarded. Remember the union of the states depends upon your success."

That same evening the official, whom we shall call Roger Coleman, entered a railway station in St. Petersburg and was making his way to a westbound train when a railway official, with a "This way, sir," led him to a coach, opened a door and put him in. There was but one vacant seat, and as soon as Coleman had filled it the official shut the door and locked it.

At the first stop most of those who were in the compartment with Coleman got out, and at the second station the seats were all left vacant except one occupied by a young girl. Several persons, seeing that there were only two persons in the compartment, started to enter it, but they were told by an official standing by the door to go to another coach. Some time before the train moved on he shut the door and locked it.

The light in the coach being poor, Coleman folded his arms, closed his eyes and leaned his head back on the cushion. He had no intention of going to sleep. He was simply thinking of the journey before him and wondering how he would be interfered with if at all. For some time he sat perfectly motionless. Then between his eyelids he saw the girl, who sat on the other side of the coach and opposite him, begin to look at him. Suspecting her, he began to breathe like a sleeper and finally to snore. Then she reached for his traveling bag, which he had placed on the seat beside him. Coleman snored lustily. The girl opened the bag, and her face lighted up with pleasure at seeing a passport lying on the very top of some toilet articles. Withdrawing it, she thrust it in her bosom, shut the bag and, leaning back in her seat, pretended to sleep.

Instead of endeavoring to prevent the theft, Coleman snored on. And this is what he said to himself: "That being one of several passports I have with me, I shall not be delayed by its loss. I was guided to this compartment by a railroad official or a man disguised as a railroad official in the pay of the French ambassador, the compartment having been previously packed by the same person with those who held tickets for the first and second stations on the route. This girl was to be left alone with me to steal my passport."

At the next station the girl left the coach, and Coleman, being alone in the compartment and learning from the guard that the train did not stop again for an hour, got a little sleep. After the next stop there was none till the train reached Vilna, and since no one got in with Coleman he slept till reaching that city. The first important stop he reached after having crossed the border was Koningsberg in Germany, and from there, after skirting the Baltic, he passed through Hamburg and Bremen and reached Holland without adventure. Indeed, he did not look for his enemies in Germany, believing that Holland, being much nearer Paris, would be a far better ground for their operations. He purposed to cross the North sea from Rotterdam.

Besides his hand bag, Coleman carried with him a leather portmanteau, but his official letter from the American minister at St. Petersburg to the prime minister of England he carried on his person. On entering Holland in order to outwit his enemies he kept his portmanteau on the floor of the car between his heels. A lady entered the compartment who seemed to be ill, leaning her head back on the cushion and closing her eyes. At the first stop after her entrance she said, evidently with effort, to Coleman:

"Would monsieur be so good as to go into the station and bring me a glass of water? I am suffering with a burning thirst."

"Certainly," replied Coleman, and he went for the water. When he returned the sick lady and his suit case were both gone. Those in the coach told him that the lady, fearing he would be left and parted from his baggage, had got out, taking the portmanteau with her. He did not think it worth while to look for her, so, handing the glass of water to a waiter he had brought with him from the station, not forgetting a tip, he entered the coach, and the train sped on. He regretted the loss of his clothes, but once more he had foiled his enemies and at the same time had learned their tactics.

Unfortunately this gave him a present false security. A passenger, taking out a cigarette case, asked the only two other passengers besides Coleman for permission to smoke. It was granted, and Coleman also assented. All were becoming drowsy when they were startled by a crash of a window pane. Coleman, having suddenly become suspicious that the fumes of the cigarette the man was smoking was drugged, feeling himself coming under its influence, had swung his hand bag against the glass. A current of air at once restored those affected, but no one seemed to understand why Coleman was in such a hurry for air as to smash a window. A few minutes later the train stopped at a station, and the smoker got out.

On approaching Rotterdam Coleman nerved himself for the crowning attack of his journey. Undoubtedly some one person had planted these traps in his way and had been informed of their failure. He would therefore instruct his hirelings to prevent at all hazards the passage of the traveler across the channel. The main danger would be in going from the railway station to the boat. On alighting at the former Coleman, carrying his bag in one hand and a cane he had brought from St Petersburg in the other, entered the street. It was growing dark, and he fancied he might skulk through some of the narrow streets without being observed.

He was passing through one of the narrowest, dimmest streets of Rotterdam when he saw a man ahead of him emerge from a passageway and look about him. Realizing that he would probably be taken in front and rear at the same time, Coleman glanced back and saw another man coming toward him. Hurrying forward, when he reached the man in front the fellow stood directly in his way and asked him in French the time. Coleman held his bag and his cane in his left hand. Seizing the handle of his cane with his right, he pulled it from the other part, revealing a blade nearly two feet long and held it point down over the head of the man who blocked his way. The fellow ducked and ran like a deer behind him. Coleman took advantage of his absence to dodge into the passageway from which his adversary had emerged and ran for an open street. Seeing an empty cab standing by the curb, he stepped in, told the coachman to drive him to the boat and was rolled away.

He was now near the water and had only to pass from land to sea. When he alighted from the cab he saw a man standing with a paper in his hand beside the gangway. On reaching the shore end of the gangway the man stepped in his way and began to read something to him. Coleman, understanding this to be a process of law to delay him and noticing that the man was standing very near the edge of the dock, pretending to believe he was in danger of being left, rushed toward the gangway and over it, knocking the process server into the water. A policeman stood ready to follow the reading with an arrest, but the attention of every one was diverted to the man sputtering in the water. Coleman, taking advantage of the digression, ran aboard the boat and, going down into the hold instead of up into the cabin, found a convenient cranny in which to hide.

The boat did not leave for two hours, but either the hunters for the message bearer gave up the chase or could not find their man. As soon as the boat had left the dock Coleman went into a stateroom, locked the door and, throwing himself on a berth, went to sleep.

He did not awaken till the boat touched the English coast. Then, rousing himself, he went ashore, took a train and in a few hours was in London.

Here the narrative which was written by Coleman to his wife in 1865 and from which this story has been taken ends. There is no mention of the presentation of the information he bore to the English government, but the fact remains that Napoleon III. failed signally to induce England to intervene in American affairs.

A Famous Runner.

The feats of Ernest Mensen in the middle of the last century make the pedestrian feats of the present day look insignificant. He was a man who first came under notice by running from Paris to Moscow, a distance of 1,760 miles, in thirteen days and eighteen hours. In 1836 he ran through Central Asia from Calcutta to Constantinople, bearing dispatches for the East India company. The distance is 5,615 miles, and he accomplished it in fifty-nine days, one-third of the time taken by the swiftest caravan. A favorite employment for him was as the messenger extraordinary of sovereigns. He ran from country to country, bearing letters and dispatches of the highest importance, and always beating mounted couriers matched against him. He never walked. Invariably he took the direct route to his destination, climbing mountains, swimming rivers and guiding himself through forests in a way known only to himself. His food was a small quantity of raspberry sirup.—Pearson's Weekly.

Who Invented Bonds?

No one knows who invented bonds, but whoever he was he was one of the great benefactors of the human race. He made it possible for great loans, aggregating perhaps hundreds of millions of dollars, to be split up into bonds that could be sold to individual investors all over the world, furnishing the money to finance the needs of nations, to found great new industries and to open up vast tracts of territory. We may read in the newspapers that $100,000,000 has been loaned to Japan by an international banking syndicate, but at the same time comes the announcement of a $100,000,000 bond issue, the obligation of the Japanese government, secured perhaps by customs revenues and offered to investors in the financial capitals of three or four nations. The $100,000,000 as a matter of fact has not been loaned by the bankers; it is loaned by the people.—S. W. Straus in National Magazine.

The Terrible Test.

"Darling," cried the young man as he knelt at the maiden's feet, "I would do anything to prove my love for you!"

"That's what every man says when he wants to win a girl," answered the young lady hastily.

"Can't I prove you?" panted the desperate Romeo. "Prove me. Put me to the test. Test me, I pray you."

"I wonder?" whispered the lady softly to herself, while a blush mantled her pale cheeks. Then suddenly bending over the almost swooning youth who crouched at her feet she exclaimed, "I will put you to the test!"

"Ah!" The youth sprang to his feet, exultant, triumphant, and cried aloud to the maiden at his side: "Your test? Your test?"

"'Tis to marry some other girl," murmured the sweet young thing as she glided backward through the velvet curtains into the ballroom.—Baltimore American.

An Ugly Weapon.

When boxers and fighters came together in the old days of Greece they wore upon their hands the cestus, which was in itself a terrible adjunct to any fighter. But there was sometimes attached to the cestus a deadlier weapon, consisting of a three pronged fork of bronze, known as the myrmex. Classical literature has frequent references to the myrmex, which is described as the deadliest weapon of the ancient pugilist. The right hand was swathed in tough hide, bound in place with thongs and supplemented by small knobs of lead or iron. This was the cestus, to which was affixed the myrmex. Combats in those days were much more brutal and dangerous than those of the modern prize ring. It is easily seen that a single blow of the myrmex might cause death or permanent injury.

King Haakon's Hopeful.

One day Prince Olaf had a little playmate with him in one of the private salons in the palace at Christiania. The visitor climbed into one of the armchairs. "Get out of there," cried Olaf; "that's my father's place!" King Haakon hastened across the room to comfort the little visitor, who looked scared, and in order to reassure him picked him up and sat him on his knee. At this young Prince Olaf became still more enraged. With a stamp of his small foot, he expostulated, "Get out of there, I tell you; that is my mother's place!"—T. P.'s Weekly.

When We Would All Be Missionaries.

A well known agnostic was present at one of Henry Ward Beecher's lectures, and after the address the man presented one of his daughters—a beautiful girl—to Mr. Beecher, saying, "Mr. Beecher, here is a girl who, according to your ideas, is a heathen."

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Beecher, "if all heathens were as pretty as you are we would all become missionaries."—Ladies' Home Journal.

He Was a Bore.

The young man sat and sat and talked and talked.

About 11:30 he sang, "Love, I'm Going Away."

The young lady showed interest for the first time since 8:30.

"When do you start?" she inquired.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

All Alike.

Visitor (in a country village)—Well, it's a simple thing to elect a man surely. Choose the cleverest man. Villager—There isn't one unfortunately.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used till they are seasoned.—Holmes.

Butler County "Dry."

Butler County was last Friday placed among the group of "dry" counties in Pennsylvania. Judge James M. Galbreath refused all applicants, representing twenty-eight retailers and two wholesalers. He declared that the preponderance of proof presented in license Court led him to the opinion that the sale of intoxicating liquors in the county was not necessary. His decision established a precedent in that it empowers the court to interpret the Brooks high license law as in effect a local option law, and to refuse all licenses on presentation of sufficient evidence that the sale of liquor in a community is not necessary.

One License in Huntingdon.

But one liquor license has been granted in Huntingdon County by President Judge Woods, that for an applicant from the Shaffner House, at Orbisonia. Eight applicants were refused by Judge Woods. Associate Judge Richardson filed a separate decree granting a license to each of the eight applicants, but the latter decree was not recognized by the prothonotary. Council for the liquor dealers appeared before Judge Woods on Friday at Lewistown and presented a petition for a rehearing and also for the calling in of an additional Judge. Both requests were refused.

Jonathan Bierly Dead.

Jonathan Bierly, well known through Sugar valley, died on Friday night of last week at the home of his sister, Mrs. Sophia Lesley, at Tylersville, aged 75 years. Deceased was a Civil war veteran and by all who knew him was held in the highest esteem. His death was sudden. He retired for the night as usual and when he failed to make his appearance the following morning relatives went to his room to call him. He was found dead in bed. His remains were removed to McElhattan for interment.

Mrs. Fred D. Gill Dead.

Mrs. Fred D. Gill, a former resident of Osceola, died on Thursday of last week at her home in Stafford, Indiana County. Interment was made at Osceola.

Married at Lock Haven.

Miss Nancy Price, of Blanchard, and Harry Sheets, of Rote, were married at Lock Haven on Saturday of last week. Alderman John P. Anthony performed the ceremony at his office.

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JACK AND THE HAT

A Mistake That Ended Well

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Jack Delafield left the offices of Penn & Padd and walked toward the descending elevator.

"Going down!" called the operator, and Jack slid along the corridor and caught the car. As the door crashed behind him and the car dropped down an ascending car swooped upward and Jack had a glimpse of a familiar hat. A smart little hat it was of black and white, with a hint of rose color somewhere about it.

Of course Jack did not see all these details as the car passed him. He was recollecting the hat as he had last seen it upon the small, haughtily poised head of Laura Hazen. He had excellent reason to remember that hat, for she had nodded it at him as she dismissed him forever. It had all been about a very trivial matter. He had almost forgotten the quarrel now. Of course Laura was in the right. She had a provoking way of always proving herself in the right. He imagined that he was quite broken hearted over his shattered romance, but so far he had managed to retain a most excellent appetite, although he avoided the opposite sex like a pestilence.

As to the quarrel, it came from a man's not liking to have his fiancee dance modern dances with any one except himself. Laura didn't see any reason why she shouldn't dance them if she wanted to. She intended to go to a subscription ball, and he objected, saying he feared the company, not to speak of the dancing, might be very indiscriminate. He could not approve of the turkey trot, bunny hug or tango. Laura had pouted and fretted to such an extent that the result was a quarrel.

She really cared very little about the dance, but was determined to make Jack bend to her will. Then, too, as she told him, she felt her pride insulted by his assuming that she would dance the modern dances in any except "proper form."

And now this confounded hat had flashed past him to remind him that the girl under it was no longer his sweetheart. He wondered if Laura had not forgiven him by this time—if she was not sorry. Perhaps if he met her casually—in the corridor of this building, for instance—she might betray her real feelings.

Lingering in the vestibule, staring senselessly up at the directory on the marble wall, the impulse came to him suddenly. He would go up to the twentieth floor again and perhaps meet her. He would walk all the way downstairs and perhaps see her in one of the corridors. Like many impulses, it was a foolish one. Nevertheless he entered an elevator and went skyward.

At the top floor he got out, walked down the long deserted corridor to its end, came back and slowly descended the stairs. The corridor of the nineteenth floor was equally deserted, and he laughed at himself for his folly. She might have passed him in the elevator as he came up. She might be going down in any one of the elevators that glided up and down.

On the eighteenth floor he was rewarded for his folly. He had paced to the farthest end of the corridor and was coming back, approaching the elevators, when a door opened and the smart little hat came out. Jack Delafield would know Laura's graceful figure anywhere. She always wore some shade of gray, and the tailor gown she had on now fitted to perfection.

She walked rapidly ahead of him, her heels tapping the polished floor, and he hastened to overtake her. The least she could do would be to throw him another of her killingly haughty glances, and as she had already broken his heart once it was immune now.

He neared her and said eagerly, "Laura!"

She stopped suddenly, half turned, slipped on the glittering floor and sat down in an ignominious heap at his feet. She tilted back the alluring hat and turned a lovely, indignant countenance toward him—the face of a perfect stranger!

"I—beg—your—pardon!" vociferated Jack humbly. "I really thought it was somebody else. Will you permit me to assist you."

"No; thank you," she said icily. "You look like a gentleman," she added cuttingly.

Jack placed his hat on his head and jammed it down. "Of course I'll go if you want me to," he said, "only as I am responsible for your being down there I should like to be assured that you are not injured. Permit me to repeat my apologies."

He went on down the corridor, calling himself all sorts of names for his asinine behavior. He heard a sliding, slipping sound and an exclamation of pain and hastened back to where the girl sat on the floor. Her face was quite pale now.

"I believe I twisted my ankle when I went down," she murmured.

Without a word Jack leaned over and lifted her to her feet. She swayed and leaned against him.

"This is dreadful! It's the right foot. If you can assist me downstairs I'll take a car home."

"Take a cab you mean," corrected Jack in a repressed tone. "I wish there were words enough to tell you how badly I feel about this." He slipped his walking stick into her hand, and, supporting her on the other side, they reached the elevator and went down to the lower floor.

"Accidents will happen," said the girl, with a faint smile. "I suppose anybody would say it was the fault of my high heeled shoes."

Jack Delafield looked down at the sweet face so near his arm and marveled at the fineness of her clear skin, the soft brown of her eyes, with their sweeping dark lashes; the mist of black hair against her white forehead. She was the loveliest girl he had ever seen, and Laura Hazen's mere prettiness seemed artificial by comparison.

He beckoned a taxicab and placed her inside. "I hope you will permit me to inquire after the injured foot. I feel in a great measure responsible for the accident," he said, with an anxious frown knitting his handsome brow. "You see, I thought I recognized the hat and believed it belonged to Miss Hazen. That is my only excuse for addressing you." He spoke pleadingly and did not understand the laughter that came into her eyes and the pink flush that returned to her cheek.

"The hat did belong to Laura Hazen," she laughed. "So did the gown. So you cannot be blamed for recognizing them, can you? Laura Hazen is my cousin, and—well, I'm the country cousin, you see, and Laura is perfectly dear about giving me things to wear, and as I live in a little country town nobody knows that my clothes are not new ones."

Jack Delafield was assailed with a multitude of strange emotions. That this girl to whom he felt strangely attracted should be Laura Hazen's cousin was merely another one of those complications that life is always presenting. Suppose he wanted to see more of this girl, would her relationship to his former sweetheart make any difference? Would it make any difference to Laura—to the girl herself? But he was not sorry he had met her.

"You wish to go to the Hazens?" He leaned forward.

"Yes, please."

"I may call and inquire after the injury?" he asked.

"Certainly," she said cordially. "It is much better already."

He stepped back, lifted his hat and watched her depart with a little sinking at the heart. This feeling was different from any he had ever experienced before. He told himself that his engagement to Laura Hazen had been a mere farce. Why, they had quarreled every time they met, and their engagement had merely been the outcome of a desperate flirtation. This was very different. So he assured himself while he waited for the return of the taxicab. He paid the man, dismissed him and then went to his club for dinner.

After dinner he was chagrined to discover that he could not send a box of roses to the girl he had met in the corridor because he didn't even know her name. As a matter of fact he found himself thinking entirely too much of his new acquaintance. The next day as the time drew near when he might call at the Hazen home and make inquiry for the sprained foot he was filled with a sense of unfulfilled obligation toward Laura Hazen.

When he had met her fair cousin in the corridor he had had it on the tip of his tongue to seek a reconciliation with Laura; now he felt it his duty to seek that reconciliation, and if Laura really cared for him in spite of her protests to the contrary then their broken engagement must be renewed. If, on the contrary, she refused to see him, then—then he must, he would, become better acquainted with her cousin.

"Miss Hazen is out, sir," said the servant when Jack called at the handsome residence.

"Is her cousin in?" asked Jack hopefully.

"Miss Tyson? I will inquire, sir."

Jack sat in the reception room and twiddled his hat on the end of his stick in more trepidation that he had ever felt before. When he heard the slow, dignified approach of the servant his heart thumped noisily.

"Miss Tyson will see you, sir. She is in the library."

Jack found her in the familiar room where he had once interviewed Laura's father on a matter of great importance then. She was sitting in a big chair near the table, and a magazine lay open before her. If she was lovely in street clothes she was beautiful in the soft white house frock she wore with a string of coral beads around her throat.

"I am confined to my chair, you see," she said, with a gay little laugh. "The foot is much better, but I must not step upon it until tomorrow."

Jack sat and talked to Miss Tyson to the very limit of time allowed a polite call, and then he arose reluctantly. Before he called again he must have a final understanding with Laura. He owed that to his own conscience. It was Laura herself who solved this vexing question.

Just as he arose to go the door opened, and she entered, her hand tucked familiarly in the arm of Lester Blake, one time Jack's dangerous rival and now evidently a successful one. A big diamond blazed on the third finger of Laura's ungloved hand, and the sight of it loosened something that was tightening Jack's throat.

Laura stood there an instant, taking in the scene, her cousin sitting by the table, Jack's gaze fixed on the girl's unconscious loveliness, and then the light that leaped to his eyes when he saw the engagement ring on Laura's finger. If she felt a pang of wounded vanity Laura's present happiness was sufficient to banish it.

"I ask your congratulations, Jack," she said saucily. "And you may have mine some day."

The Noise of Silkworms.

A naked man is always in attendance in the hatching room of the silkworms of China. The worms, being so very frail that the temperature and humidity of their chamber must not vary, their guard is naked, so that he may detect any slightest change by the sensitiveness of his skin.

After the worms are hatched no loud talking is permitted near them, and there are even guards whose duty it is to keep the flies off them. These guards must bathe before entering the worms' presence, and their breath must be sweet and inoffensive. Onions, for instance, are forbidden fruit.

Such precautions seem absurd. Yet it is unquestionable that China leads the world in silkworm culture. A Chinese silkworm farm breeds the strange, industrious creatures by the million. In one of the great silkworm houses it is possible to hear the worms feeding; yea, it is even possible, so numerous are they, to hear the sound they make in spinning their cocoons, a sound like the ripple of rain.—Chicago Record Herald.

Eyes of the Barnacle.

In the barnacle we have a unique and wonderful case of a creature that can afford as age comes on to dispense with the eyesight that was so useful in youth, for the young and old barnacle are as different, one from the other, as fishes from seaweed. In the heydey of life the barnacle swims about the sea, seeking its food with the aid of its eyes and generally leading a cunning existence. Later in life, however, it grows tired of this aimless wandering and settles down to worry ship captains by attaching itself to the keel of their craft and defying the much advertised powers of various preventive paints. Once there the barnacle has become a fixture, and whether it ships or sharks its eyesight is of no more use. It cannot seek its food and it cannot shun its foes, for it never more will move. Therefore its eyes become superfluous and, according to nature's invariable rule in such cases, disappear.—Out Doors Animals.

Fighting the Undertow.

Those deadly undertows which so often prove fatal to swimmers are produced by tides and coast currents. The former may carry out at ebb tide, the latter usually zigzag along the shore.

"If you are a robust swimmer," said a professor of the art, "you can generally overcome them by quick, alert strokes. If, however, you do not at once succeed don't persevere, for this is one of the exceptions to the rule about perseverance. Stop fighting before exhaustion comes and go with the tide or current. By resting a short time, floating or swimming leisurely you will have time to take your bearings and either make another attempt or call for assistance. Sometimes you will find the undertow runs parallel to the shore. You may then let yourself be carried along with the certainty that before long it will twist inshore when a short spurt will bring you to safety."

Waterloos in London.

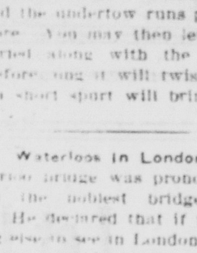
Waterloo bridge was pronounced by Canova the noblest bridge in the world. He declared that if there was nothing else to see in London the sight of Waterloo bridge was well worth the trouble of a journey from Rome. The Marquis de Vermont, who was a contemporary of Canova, also admired the bridge, but its name grated on him. "Wherever I go in London," he writes, "the name of Waterloo greets me. Besides Waterloo bridge (specially rechristened to remind us of our defeat) Waterloo road and Waterloo street there are Waterloo hotels, Waterloo academies, Waterloo public houses, Waterloo eating houses and Waterloo shops of all kinds and descriptions. The ladies wear Waterloo bonnets and the gentlemen Wellington boots."—London Chronicle.

Mystery Solved.

Standing before several pictures of his illustrious ancestors, little Robert listened silently while his mother described each one and pointed with pride at the large collars and gorgeous velvet suits.

The boy finally turned to his mother and exclaimed:

"Now I know what Jimmie Burns meant when he said we had a lot of ruff necks in our family."—Youngstown Telegram.



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The "Shop Notes" Department (20 pages) gives easy ways to do things—how to make useful articles for home and shop, repairs, etc.

"Amateur Mechanics" (10 pages) tells how to make Mission furniture, wireless outfits, boats, engines, magic, and all the things a boy loves.

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FACT

Local Evidence.

Evidence that can be verified.
Fact is what we want.
Opinion is not enough.
Opinions differ.
Here's a Bellefonte fact.
You can test it.

Mrs. C. Johnson, 565 E. Bishop St., Bellefonte, Pa., says: "My back was so lame and painful that I could hardly get round and dizzy spells were common. I was restless at night and my kidneys gave me great annoyance, the kidney secretions being unnatural. On one of my family's advice I used Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at Green's Pharmacy Co. and they did me more good than any other medicine I had previously taken. The kidney secretions became natural and the pains and lameness in my back was removed. I heartily recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to anyone having kidney complaint. They permanently cured me of kidney trouble. Others of my family have taken Doan's Kidney Pills and in each case benefit has been had."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, soleagents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.—Advt.

Build Two Steel Bridges.

The Eyre—Shoemaker Co., of which T. A. Shoemaker of this place is a member, has been awarded the contract for building two double-track steel bridges across the North Branch of the Susquehanna at Sunbury for the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. The work is expected to cost $200,000. The bridges are necessary to handle the freight trains running in and out of the Northumberland yards.

Wanted.

In car load lots one million feet white pine in 4 quarter, 5 quarter quarter, and thicker. Address,

LUMBERMAN
1-27-14t. Lock Haven, Pa.

Read "The Republican" one dollar in advance.

Certainly You Want the

Best Insurance

You can get for the money. Then see

John F. Gray & Son

for Fire, Accident, Health, Steam Boiler, Employers Liability and Plate Glass Insurance.

OFFICE
Crider's Stone Bl'dg
High Street,
BELLEFONTE, PA.

Wolf & Hile

Brick-Layers

Work done by the hour or on Contract.

WILLIAM WOLF,
P. O. Bellefonte, Pa.
J. O. HILE,
P. O. Pleasant Gap, Pa.

For Sale.

For sale at my Eagleville farm, Chester White brood sows, boars, shoats and pigs. Inqure of Samuel Kline on the farm.

F. W. CRIDER,
Bellefonte, Pa

Have You A Bank Account?

Every man and woman that handles money ought to have an account with a good bank. It means safety for your money and the cultivation of good economical business habits. Let us open an account with you.

The First National Bank,
Bellefonte, - - - Penna.

Don't Forget

That our years of experience in the lumbering business from stump to building is an asset to you if you buy from us any kind of building material.

WE ARE SELLING AGENT FOR

PAROID ROOFING

which is the best we know of. Don't forget the name. There are other makes named to deceive the unwary buyer. We alone sell Paroid in Centre Co.

Something New. Hazelwood Flooring.

Ceiling, Wainscoating and Finish, ready to fill and oil. It is beautiful, valuable and durable at less cost than other and less durable wood. We also sell genuine

Red Cedar Shingles

from the Pacific Coast (Not the Michigan White Cedar.)

On same terms and conditions we will furnish building material as low or lower than the mail order houses and you will keep your money circulating at home where you may get some of it back again in course of business.

We have for sale cheap, a lot of used Machinery, Engines, etc. Also shop-soiled Sash Doors, Moulding, etc. Come or write before buying elsewhere.

P B CRIDER & SON,

Office, Yard and Mill at Lamb St. Bridge. Bellefonte, Pa.

Professional Cards.

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Office East Hight St., first door above Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

H. C. Quigley,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Harry Keller,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Clement Dale,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office East High St., first door above Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

J. Thomas Mitchell,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St. Bellefonte Pa.

Gettig, Bower & Zerby
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Practice in all the courts, and collection promptly attended to. Office, Eagle Block, Bellefonte, Pa.

Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall. 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:45 P. M.
Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3.56 and 8:35 P. M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1909 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10.0	2.07
	Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.12
	Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
	Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
	Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.26
	Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.33
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.56
	State College	7. 5	11.10	3.20
	Strubles	f 7. 7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	2 A. M.	4 A. M.	
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	f 3.20
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.49	.....	.....
	Strubles	f 7.45	.....	3.30
	State College	8.00	11.50	f 5.03
	Krumrine	f 8.07	.....	f 5.00
	Waddles		1.10	f 5.25
	Briarly	f		5.27
	Fillmore	f	1.18	f 5.38
	Hunters Park	f 8.31	.....	f 5.40
	Stevens	f 8.35	.....	f 5.40
	Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.40
	Coleville	8.46		f 5.56
A.	Bellefonte	8.50		f 6.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
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DREER'S SEEDS PLANTS BULBS

TO make your garden a success, you will find an invaluable guide in
Dreer's Garden Book
AN encyclopædia on gardening, of 288 pages, 1000 splendid photo-reproductions, 4 color pages and 6 duotone plates. Full directions given for growing flowers, plants, bulbs, vegetables, lawn grass and farm seeds.
Call or Write *Mailed Free*
HENRY A. DREER
714 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

FOLEY'S ORINO LAXATIVE
FOR STOMACH TROUBLE and CONSTIPATION

CHICHESTER S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

Here and There.

A son was born recently to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Robb.

Walter O'Bryan, of Pine Grove Mills, was a business visitor to Bellefonte on Monday.

W. H. Ghaner, of Scotia, was a welcome caller at "The Republican" office a few days ago.

Misses Ida and Rose Fauble will this evening entertain at cards at their home on East High Street.

After spending a week with Tyrone friends, Miss Annie McLaughlin returned to her home here on Sunday.

Mrs. Harry Garber will give a special dance in the Bush Arcade on the evening of St. Patrick's Day, Monday, March 17th.

Miss Elizabeth Gephart arrived home on Saturday from Philadelphia, where she had been visiting friends and doing some shopping.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Keiffer are rejoicing over the arrival of a little daughter, born on Tuesday morning at the Bellefonte hospital.

Former County Auditor Robert D. Musser and son, Robert C Musser, of near Spring Mills, were business visitors in town on Wednesday.

Several cases of scarlet fever are reported at State College. Among those ill are Charles Miller, also Mr. Maltby, a former Academy student.

Mrs. Wells L. Daggett departed on Thursday of last week for New York city, where she is visiting with her niece, Miss Georgia Daggett.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal church will today hold a thimble party at the church, from three until five o'clock.

Mrs. John Hewitt arrived home on Saturday of last week, after visiting in the West for two months. We are sorry to learn that she is afflicted with an attack of grip.

For a short time only Green's Pharmacy Co. will give a two-quart aquarium and two gold fish free with a 50c purchase. See the ad on another page.

Last week was attended with some of the coldest weather of the entire winter. This week baseball practice and the planting of little onions is the order of the day.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Saxe have returned to their home in Scranton and were accompanied by Mrs. G. Edward Harper, who will be a guest at the Saxe home for a short time.

Miss Mollie Snyder returned to Bellefonte on Monday from New York, where she spent several weeks inspecting the latest styles in millinery She was accompanied to Bellefonte by Mrs. McRug, an expert milliner.

Charged with causing a disturbance on a Bald Eagle Valley passenger train on Saturday of last week, Charley Boyer, of Julian, was on Tuesday given a hearing before Squire Brown, in Bellefonte. He paid a fine of $10 and costs amounting to $3.

Harry Alters has about decided to sell his cigar store and shooting gallery in the McClain block, opposite the Bush House, and open up a shooting gallery for the summer in a park near Shamokin. An out-of-town dealer in notions is considering taking the room at present occupied by Mr. Alters.

Dr. S. M. Huff, who has been identified with Company L, N. G. P., for a number of years, this week received a flattering tribute in the form of an appointment as a surgeon, with title of First Lieutenant. He has been assigned to the Twelfth Regiment. The appointment was made on the recommendation of Colonel Follmer, of the Twelfth.

Clarence Gallagher last week moved from the "Mike" Hazel property on Pine Street into the Hazel dwelling, formerly occupied by Sheriff Hurley, and Mr. Hazel moved from Roopsburg into his own home on Tuesday. Samuel Foster moved from the Gehret dwelling near the swing factory to the Haupt resident on Halfmoon hill, and the home vacated by him was occupied by Charles Hughes on Monday.

Rev. Dr. E. H. Yocum, pastor of the Bellefonte Methodist Episcopol church, departed on Tuesday for Altoona, where the annual Methodist Episcopal Conference is in session this week. On Monday night at Dr. Yocum's church here the Men's Bible class held a social, with the popular pastor as the honor guest The earnest hope was expressed that he would be returned to Bellefonte. At the close of the social Dr. Yocum was tendered a Chatauqua salute.

Harry Waite, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Waite, of Bellefonte, who is a member of the United States army and for some time past stationed at Fort Sheridan, Ohio, is at present with the troops stationed at some point along the Mexican border. He wrote a letter home from Texas, while enroute to Mexico. The letter was written on March 4th, at at which time Harry said the weather in Texas was so delightfully warm that he and a number of other soldiers had been in swimming.

George H. Smull, of Smullton, looking the picture of health and saying that he was feeling as well as he looked, was transacting business in town between trains last Thursday. He is quite enthusiastic over the project to secure favorable consideration at Harrisburg for a State road to connect the present State highways at Huston and Coburn. Those who have given the matter some thought pronounce the plan a good one and are hopeful that it will materialize.

Rev. D. J. Frum, pastor of the Pleasant Gap charge of the Methodist Episcopal church, was in town on Tuesday, enroute to the annual Methodist Episcopal Conference at Altoona. Since locating at Pleasant Gap Dr. Frum has made many warm friends, all of whom are fondly hoping that he will be returned to continue the good work he has been doing in the past year. While in Bellefonte Rev. and Mrs. Frum, and Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Cooney, the latter of Cresson, had dinner at the Bush House, proceeding to Altoona later in the day. Mr. and Mrs. Cooney had been visiting for a time at the H. J. Lambert home at Centre Hall. The Methodist Episcopal Conference, it might be noted, is being presided over by Bishop Earle Cranston, of Washington.

James C. Furst was an over-Sunday visitor to Williamsport.

Mrs. J. A. Aiken was a passenger to Philadelphia on Monday.

Mrs. Rose Whitcraft visited over Sunday with friends in Altoona.

Theodore Davis Boal, of Boalsburg, greeted friends in town on Wednesday.

George B. Uzzle, of Snow Shoe, was a business visitor in town between trains on Wednesday.

Green's Pharmacy Co. have been busy this week giving away aquariums and gold fish. To get in on this free offer see their ad on anther page.

William Garman, one of the right hand men at Mingle's shoe store for several years, resigned his position there and on Monday entered upon his duties as a clerk in the Joseph & Co. store.

Last Thursday the Rev. Dr. A. M. Schmidt delivered an address before the students of the Theological Seminary at Lancaster, Pa. His subject was—"How to make catechetical instruction interesting and profitable."

Dr. W. H. Fry, of Pine Grove Mills, was called to Bellefonte on Tuesday by the illness of his sister, Mrs. George W. Ward, of High Street. Her condition is such as to occasion no little concern among her many friends.

Harry Holz, one of the members of the firm of Joseph & Co., spent last week in New York, visiting with his sister, Mrs. Lewis Friedman, and at the same time making some extensive purchases for the Bellefonte store.

John L. Steele departed on Monday for Rockton, Ill., where he has secured employment for the summer. He was accompanied as far as Altoona by his sister, Olive, who will attend the sessions of the Methodist conference while in that city.

Mrs. George B. Thompson and sons, John and George, Jr., came down to Bellefonte last Friday, Mrs. Thompson and George, Jr., driving to their home at Alto on Saturday evening, while John remained over to visit with his grandmother.

Ex-Sheriff William E. Hurley has succumbed to the automobile fever, and has purchased a Buick at one time owned by Dr. DeLaun Stewart and since overhanled and put in tip-top condition. While Bill is learning to manage the machine accident insurance agents are giving him a wide berth.

His health greatly improved, and feeling much better than for a long time past, General James A Beaver on Mondao went to Harrisburg where he participated in the sessions of the State Superior Court. It was his first appearance on the bench for quite a while and he was warmly greeted by his colleagues.

Frank H. Clemson and George Stevens, two champions of the project to have the State take over the road from WarriorsMark to Bellefonte, via Halfmoon, Patton, Benner and Spring townships, were business visitors in town on Monday. If enthusiasm will do the trick the success of the project is assured in advance.

Revival services are now in progress in the Forge Free Methodist church. The object of this meeting is for the upbuilding of God's kingdom, the salvation of sinners, sanctification of believers and strengthening of the saints. You are cordially invited to come, take part and enjoy the meetings. You have a lot and part in the matter.

SAMUEL STINE, pastorR.

Clayton Wolf, of Coleville, was last week arrested and lodge in the Bellefonte jail at the request of the Williamsport police. Wolf was charged with obtaining clothing and other articles to the amount of about $25 from some parties in Williamsport, who alleged that he had resorted to false pretense. He was held here until a Williamsport officer came and accompanied him to that city.

J. M. Lykens, one of William Burnside's right hand men at Scotia, is kept so busy that he seldom finds time to come to Bellefonte. This, however, does not interfere with his policy of being prompt with the printer, as Mal demonstrated a day or two ago by handing a greenback to a friend with the request that it be delivered at "The Republican" office. The money evidently fell into safe hands for it reached here all right.

Abraham Weber and D. L. Welch, of Howard, transacted business in town on Tuesday. Mr. Weber is too stiff a Democrat for anybody to be able to accurately tell whether he is exactly pleased with the appointments being made at Washington by President Wilson. We have our own idea about it, at the same time we freely confess to the belief that one guess is about as good as another. Unfortunately, the one safe bet is that Abraham is a Democrat seven days a week and every week in the year.

The Study Class will meet on Monday evening, March 17, at eight o'clock. The subject for discussion is "The Constitution of the United States." The sub-divisions are "The Senate and House of Representatives;" "The President;" "The Judiciary;" "The State Record;" "Amendments to the Constitution;" "Public Debt;" "Ratification of Constitution." This question is one in which the present day is interested, and no doubt much information will be exchanged. Come, bring a friend; be prepared to take part in the discussion. Mrs. Harry Keller will present the subject matter.

Dr. M. J. Locke has for several days been trying out an innovation with his automobile, and the results obtained thus far are more than gratifying to him. He has installed a new style carburetor which is made especially to handle a half kerosene and half gasoline mixture instead of all gasoline. The carburetor will also handle all gasoline. It is said that the half kerosene and half gasoline mixture does not produce quite as good an explosion as the all gasoline mixture, the former working best on a hot motor. During warm weather the cheaper mixture will, so Dr. Locke believes, work just as well as the all gasoline mixture. Dr. Lock's idea is to be prepared to cope with any boosting in the price of gasoline by the Standard Oil Co. When gasoline is up he purposes using the half and half mixture. When the price of gasoline is down he will use straight gasoline. The experiment is being watched with considerable interest by automobile owners and prospective owners.

Mrs. Thamazine Lane is expected to return home from California on Thursday of next week.

N. L. Dale, of Pine Grove Mill, was a genial caller at "The Republican" office on Wednesday.

Mrs. Edward Garman left on Monday for a little visit with friends in Lewisburg and Philadelphia.

Mrs. H. W. Tate departed on Monday for Philadelphia, where she will visit for a month with her mother.

Cyrus Labe spent Sunday with Mrs. Labe and daughter, Elizabeth. We are glad to note his improvement in health.

Mrs. Frank Knoche and daughter, Miss Bernice Knoche, of near State College, are shopping visitors in town this week.

A two-quart aquarium with two gold fish free with every 50c purchase of a specified list of articles—at Green's. See the ad on another page.

Howard Stover and Edward Teaman were in Lewisburg this week, in attendance upon the sessions of the United Evangelical Conference.

John Knisely and Lew Wallace, two well known local contractors and builders, made a business trip to Philadelphia last week, returning home on Saturday.

Confirmation services will be held in St. John's Reformed church next Sunday, at 11. a. m. Music and sermon will be in harmony with the day—Palm Sunday.

Mrs. E. S. Simpson, wife of a well known Scranton dentist, is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. John Knisely. She will be recalled by her many friends here as formerly Miss Sabre Campbell of this place.

Misses Mary and Elizabeth Blanchard will depart today for Atlantic City, where they will conduct a sale of the famous baskets from the Bellefonte Basket Shop. They will be gone until probably after Easter.

Thomas Hanly and Miss Annie Dunkle, both of Bellefonte, were married on Thursday evening of last week. The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. W. Winey at the home of the bride on Bush Addition.

William P. Humes and his sister, Miss Myra Humes, on Monday entertained the clergymen who took part in the Fast Day services in the Presbyterian church. Mr. Humes is seriously considering making a trip to the Panama canal before the water is turned into the big ditch.

Charley Foster, of State College, who really considers the interior of a railway mail car his home, transacted business in town on Wednesday. Charley is one of those fellows built politically to consider everything done at Washington since March the 4th to be right and proper.

There will be very enjoyable services next Sunday at 2.30 P. M. at Coleville. It is the sixth Palm Sunday anniversary of the Olive Branch Union Bible School. Rector John Hewitt, with some of his choir singers, will be there, if not prevented by very unfavorable weather. A cordial gospel welcome is extended to all who can be present at that time.

Lawyer J. Kennedy Johnston on Tuesday evening received a telegram announcing the death of his brother, Harry H. Johnston, at Fresno, California. The telegram gave no particulars. A letter from Fresno received several weeks ago stated that Mr. Johnston had been suffering from some kind of a bealing in the head. It is supposed that this ultimately resulted in his death, although there is no information at hand at present. The deceased had been residing in California for the last seven or eight years. He was born in 1866 and was a son of George B. Johnston, of Howard. Surviving are a widow and five boys and four girls. In addition to his father there survive also one brother, J. Kennedy Johnston, of Bellefonte, and these sisters: Mrs. C. D. Tanner, of Bellefonte, Mrs. Ella Foresman and Miss Lulu Johnston, of Howard, and Mrs. Bessie Brooks, of Waterville, Pa. Upon learning of his brother's death J. Kennedy Johnston at once wired the family in California to ascertain whether he could reach there in time for the funeral. Inquiry at the railroad station here revealed that it would require four days in which to make the journey. Mr. Johnston last night received a telegram stating that the body would be held until he could arrive in California and he will depart for Fresno today. The telegram explained that the wife of the deceased is ill in a hospital at Fresno.

Notice.

The Administrators and heirs of Edward K. Rhoads, deceased, desire to announce that they have this day sold the coal yard property and equipment of the late Edward K. Rhoads to Mr. A. G. Morris, of Bellefonte. This business will be carried on in the future by A. G. Morris, Jr., and we bespeak for him the patronage of all the customers of the late Edward K. Rhoads, deceased.

JOSEPH J. RHOADS,
March 11, 1913 REBECCA N. RHOADS.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank C. Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Thomas Hanley,	Bellefonte
Anna Dunkle,	"
Herbert J. Stover,	Madisonburg
Laura E. Kayler,	Coburn
Chester A. Spyker,	Alexandria
Mary M. Donelson,	Markelsburg

One Smallpox Case.

Scott Lambert was several days ago quarantined for smallpox. Quarantine was lifted from several homes.

An Excuse.

Bessie—Did you scream when he tried to kiss you? Jessie—No. There is a poor man across the street who is dreadfully sick.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Exact Justice.

Exact justice is commonly more merciful in the long run than pity, for it tends to foster in men those stronger qualities which make them good citizens.—Lowell.

The love of liberty is the love of others. The love of power is the love of ourselves.

Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx

DO YOU WANT NEW CLOTHES FOR

EASTER SUNDAY?

Everybody decorates for that day, or before; no reason why you shouldn't You'll find the proper things for it here.

SPRING SUITS

The new models are particularly smart and stylish; we can fit every kind of man, every taste, every order. The kind of clothes you want, the kind of service you want.

Latest shapes in Spring Hats, handsome new Shirts, finest Neckwear in new patterns, Boys' Clothers. It's a great stock we have to offer you here We'll particularly enjoy showing you their new things.

Sim The Clothier

ALLEGHENY STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.

Let Us Book Your Easter Order

Our new book, "The Drift of Fashion" is a guide book which should be possessed by every man who values correct dress. It portrays fashions for Spring and Summer that are as authoritative as law. The models pictured are the very flower of both advanced British Models and restrained American Styles, called only after their genuineness had been tested and sifted and affirmed at home and abroad.

It will be well for you to get a copy of this book. It will be still better for you to call here personally and see for yourself our Spring and Summer fabrics which span an immensity of patterns and colors in all their gradations and variations. Let us make to your order a smart Easter suit of

Kahn-Tailored-Clothes

$20 to $40

It isn't school-boy vanity which prompts the best dressed to have their clothes made to-order. It's downright economy, for made-to-measure garments cost no more than ready-mades and you gain the profound pleasure of knowing that your clothes are made expressly for you. That they fit better, feel more comfortable and keep their rightful style always.

Come in any day and act as if the shop belonged to you.

See full page advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post this week.

Montgomery & Co.

Correct Attire For Man & Boy Bellefonte, Pa.